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THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges, and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

* * * * *

The fire beneath his crucible was low ;
Yet still it burned, and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy, and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death ! The silent room
From its dim corners mockingly gave back
His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell, and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:—

I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do ;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye ;
I felt—Oh God ! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow.

The Dying Alchymist.

And yet it is—I feel
 Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid ;
 And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade ;
 And something seems to steal
 Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
 Binding its pulses with an icy band.

And this is death ! But why
 Feel I this wild recoil ? It cannot be
 Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free !
 Would it not leap to fly,
 Like a chained eaglet at its parent's call ?
 I fear—I fear that this poor life is all !

Yet thus to pass away !—
 To live but for a hope that mocks at last—
 To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
 To waste the light of day,
 Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
 All that we have and are—for this—for nought !

Grant me another year,
 God of my spirit !—but a day—to win
 Something to satisfy this thirst within !
 I would *know* something here !
 Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !
 Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

Vain—vain !—my brain is turning
 With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
 And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
 And I am freezing—burning—
 Dying ! Oh God ! if I might only live !—
 My phial—Ha ! it thrills me—I revive.

* * * * *

Ay—were not man to die
 He were too glorious for this narrow sphere.
 Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
 Could he but train his eye—
 Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
 Only his Maker would transcend his power !

Earth has no mineral strange—
 Th' illimitable air no hidden wings—
 Water no quality in its covert springs,
 And fire no power to change—
 Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
 Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

Oh, but for time to track
 The upper stars into the pathless sky—
 To see th' invisible spirits, eye to eye—
 To hurl the lightning back—
 To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls—
 To chase Day's chariot to the horizon walls—

And more, much more—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move—
To nurse and purify this human love—
To clear the god-like brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—

This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream—
To live—Oh God! that life is but a dream!
And death—Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye—
Cover me! save me!—God of Heaven! I die!

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone—
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild.
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as aye it will—
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small silver rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. He was born
Taller than he might walk beneath the stars,
And with a spirit tempered like a god's,
He was sent blindfold on a path of light,
And turned aside and perished! Oh how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.

AUG. 3. I like Quebec. There is a foreign look about it, with its dark old buildings, and deep, barred windows. The people in the street have all such a picturesque air—the Canadians with their red sashes about their waists, and the English soldiers with their automaton looks, and the Highlanders in costume, and the queer vehicles, and the small horses, and the priests and the nuns—all so mingled up, and so different from our own uniformly inquisitive, and withal (though the epithets scarce harmonize) *respectable* air. The Yankees all look (to use one of their own phrases) “well to do in the world.” You would know by the way they button their vests, and wear their hats, and perk their under lips, that they lived in four story houses, with a tidy fence and a rose bush in front. In Canada it is quite *au contraire*. Your respectable man is fat and English (i. e. unctuous) looking, and has his hat brushed smooth, and his shoes spotlessly polished; while your man of chance or small revenue, shop-keepers, clerks, runners and highwaymen, look meek and obsequious, and wear their heads modestly at a forward angle. I could imagine myself now in Antwerp or Brussels—sitting here by this second story window in “the Albion,” and watching the mongrel races that keep the *pavé* below. And there goes an Indian with a string of moccasins to sell, grave as a martyr, and looking neither to the right nor the left—a singular demeanor, a Yankee would think, for a man who wanted to find customers. How strangely that Highlander in his kilt looks beside him, and what glorious combatants they would make, pitted against each other in a deadly contest—both men of magnificent frames, and both evidently, if the port and the eye may be trusted, determined fellows. I think I would bet on the Indian. That calm settled lip has a dash of the heroic that would outlast the habitual courage of discipline.

AUG. 4. *Midnight*. I have just returned from an English *fete-champetre*—a country evening party given in lighted grounds, with music, supper and dancing—very gay and very brilliant, but to my aching limbs and bruised points, in somewhat painful contrast to a bed and anodynes. I was a fool to go, having rolled this morning down a precipice at Montmorenci Falls, some hundred and fifty feet into the St. Lawrence, a bath from which I emerged without drag or feelers, much to the astonishment of the French guide, who had run back to the house for a shutter to carry home “the body!” I take

this opportunity to advise all adventurous youths given to display their alertness on such occasions, to go quietly round the hill at Montmorenci, and enter the glen through which the Fall descends at the opening, in preference to attempting the short cut down the sides—the latter being nearly perpendicular, of a loose and brittle slate formation, and a hundred and fifty feet in height—as awkward a distance to fall as could well be hit upon. I attribute my escape entirely to my extraordinary corpulence, which, in the first place, protected my bones, and in the second place, prevented my cutting the water very rapidly when I reached the river. If I ever attempt to descend a precipice again for a lady's favor, when there is a proper ladder within ten feet, may I be ——! And talking of ladies—I am now travelling with a Southern gentleman, wife and sister, whom I met at the Thousand Isles—pleasant people as, with the necessity for parting, I care particularly to meet. The only trouble attendant upon it is, that, devoting myself of course to the single lady, she is perpetually taken by these detestable keepers of hotels and captains of steam-boats for my wife! They come to me constantly to pay for “my wife's passage,” and “my lady's dinner;” and last night—hang me if the chamber-maid did not show me into the same room! I have been reflecting to-day whether there is such a thing as a matrimonial look, and if there is, whether the keeper of a public house is not responsible for his infernal mistakes in such matters.

AUG. 5. On board the steamer, and running up the St. Lawrence at fifteen miles in the hour—pretty well, considering it is against the tide. My agreeable friend sits just beyond me, in the ladies' cabin, writing in her Journal; and by that look at me just now, I think I can guess (modesty aside) at the item she is putting down at this moment. Beautiful creature! dark eyes and hair, and though a little too sallow, yet withal so soft and yielding in your manners! And your exquisite accent too, and your little never-used feet and dainty fingers—ah, if your mamma and papa had but had Northern notions of education, what a glorious creature you might have made! but you *are* most delightfully innocent of some things which other people know, and you *do* drop now and then such sweet bad grammer from your exquisite lip, and you *will* cover yourself up with ornaments, though it is neither stylish nor becoming, and you *do* hate so to go one inch from your chair, though mountains, and rivers, and sunsets, and people overboard continually tempt you! It's very well *now*—for foibles rather add to a *pretty* woman—but by and by my

dear somebody or other—(for though I have travelled with you a week, I only know that your name is Cornelia)—by and by, I say, and very soon too—for it is the way at the South—you will lose those snowy teeth of yours, and those full lips, and that superb roundness and shapeliness of bust, and then your bad grammar, and your sad taste, and your slightly slovenly way of wearing your hair, and tying your slippers, and fastening your belt, will be pretty no longer, and your elegant indolence will become stupid idleness, and the languishing sleepiness of your eye will go by a harder name—depend upon it. I have an idea of proposing to the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge to send a Missionary to Georgia, to enlighten your friends on some of these abstruse points. It would make perfect women of you—handsome creatures that you are!

How amusing it is, when one has become perfectly resigned to the annoyances of a steam-boat, to sit aside and watch the eternal small comedy going on about him. There sits a woman, now, dandling a confounded nuisance of a child that I would borrow and drop overboard, if she were not out of my reach in the ladies' cabin; and opposite me sits an officer with his arms folded, and a cloud on his face—for he has just discovered that his young wife has passed him on the river going to Quebec (which he has just left) to meet him; and there paces an old fellow who is sick with the smell of the oil, (*query*—could not this really shocking evil be avoided?) and about in the different corners are to be seen discontented faces of all descriptions, whose cases are beyond my analysis—my own and one other, of a fat woman, the only pleasant countenances, I do believe, in the whole boat's company. And this is to "*go a pleasuring*." And for this, people yearly abandon their comfortable homes, and with no eye for scenery, nor any hope but change, crowd these hot oleaginous steam-boat cabins, and wander, with their own or other people's children, from one end of the land to the other! I could laugh, if my ribs were not so sore with my yesterday's tumble, at the uncomfortableness and disappointment in the expression of the faces about me—most of them, too, enjoying what they have anticipated, and economized for, and talked about, months before they started.

AUG. 6. Still on board the steamer, and within twenty miles of Montreal. Last night we had a full moon, and a perfectly delicious air, moist and without wind, and I think I never passed a night whose spirit of beauty so entered and pervaded me. We were close upon the shore for an hour or

two, running with a sensation of magic above the distinct and beautiful reflections of the banks, and breaking up with our prow a mirror that seemed as if its stillness should have been sacred and eternal. We arrived at the village of Sorel at midnight, and as the boat was to wait an hour for wood, we went ashore for a walk. We rambled through the deserted streets without meeting a living creature, and I rarely have been so impressed with the sense of solitude. The light was so clear, that it seemed unnatural to sleep. We could scarce feel that there were living inhabitants about us. The houses were all barred, and dark, and of a peculiarly dull aspect, most of them without paint or ornament; the church near the shore was black and old, and it was not difficult to believe it a decayed and desolate town, and ourselves the disturbers of a breathless and long unbroken solitude. We had heard much of the bark-work of the inhabitants of Sorel, and, at the request of our fair companions, we commenced a tattoo upon the door of a shop to which we had been directed in the hope of arousing the occupant. We succeeded at last in awakening a woman in a red night-cap, who first screamed "fire and murder," and then came down and let us in. She was "fair, fat and forty," and apparently glad to turn a penny, even as an episode to a dream. Her baskets and pin-cushions were really beautiful, and saving that we paid four times their value, we felt tolerably satisfied with our midnight shopping. I made a *mem.* in my Journal that "all women look abominably in red night-caps." Sleep is a sad spoiler of your pretty eyes, gently as it

"Seals up the eyelids with its silver wand."

AUG. 8. Shooting down Lake George like a steam-boat apparition, the skirts of a lifting fog enveloping us occasionally for a moment, and then swaying off, giving us an under-peep at the loveliest scene of green islands and broken sunshine in the world. Nothing could be more fairy-like. I have skipped over a day or two, in which I may be imagined to have undergone the various ordeals common to passing the frontier—impositions from coacheys, losses of money, baggage and temper, (they stole all my money at the tavern where I slept at St. Johns, and half my baggage at La Prairie, which I am told is getting off uncommonly well,) and this added to a chilly sail down Lake Champlain, and a ramble over the old Fort at Ticonderoga with a rheumatic gentleman who begged the favor of my arm, completes a longer chapter of ill-humor than will ever occur, I am positive, elsewhere in my biography. I except in this, a moment's malicious amuse-

ment afforded me by the distress of a Vermont teamster, who happened to be carried off in the boat from Burlington, leaving his four oxen to stand upon the wharf till he had made a *nolens volens* passage to Whitehall, and a hysterical laugh at my own absurdity in being amused with anything under my calamitous loss of money. Here we are, however, on Lake George, and I do begin to suspect I am getting unctuous and cheerful once more. I have spent an hour, among other *bienseances*, in sailing a chip-boat in a wash-bowl, to illustrate to my fair companion how a rudder turns a boat round—a fact of which, my luminous illustrations notwithstanding, she still seems to have a shrewd doubt.

'Tis a glorious Lake—Lake George. It is called Holy Lake by the Catholics, and I do not wonder that they send, as I am told they do, for its waters all over Canada to fill the fonts in their churches. Its transparence is really wonderful—the slightest pebble on the bottom being distinctly visible at a depth of thirty feet, and now, as the sun shines more constant upon it, I think I never saw shores of such exquisite outline, and such clear and magic reflections. These tall green hills hang down in the abyss below us, with every leaf and tint as palpable, and far softer than the reality. How I wish the dark eyes beside me, only less beautiful than the scene itself, could convey from their superb mirrors to the indolent soul beneath them, one worthy impression of the loveliness about us! I never feel the want of mind in woman but at such times and places as this; and indeed, if it were not for the luxurious necessity we feel of some softening mirror for our own most elevated feelings, I would dispense with everything in the sex but affectionateness and beauty. But there *are* chance moments in life when woman, and nothing but a woman, and a refined and high-hearted one, can answer the “spirit’s questioning”—when you could lavish the very drop at your inmost heart for one hour’s perfect and pure, and, if you will, silent sympathy. And since I am upon sentiment, here are some verses read to me last night at the wretched tavern opposite Ticonderoga, by a chance room-fellow, who discovered, by some mistimed soliloquizing quotation while undressing, that I had read the poets. “Sir,” said he, (I was pulling off a wet silk stocking upon which the chamber-maid had spilt a pail of water,) “perhaps you don’t know that I write verses.” “Perhaps I don’t, Sir.” “Perhaps you wouldn’t like to hear me read you a stave or so.” “Perhaps I wouldn’t Sir;” and I went on sulkily drying my foot with a towel (so coarse that I bought it for a curiosity, and

it now hangs as matter for philosophy just over my most delicate cutaneous emollients.) I was not to escape so. There he sat, like a poetry-fiend, within three feet of me, on the other bedstead, the manuscript in one hand, and a dingy silk handkerchief in the other. I tied on my bandanna. He hemmed thrice. I began to sing "His name it begins with an O." He requested me to stop—said he was nervous about music—if I would slip into bed he would read me to sleep. After that I only remember two lines :—

"She was a fond and gentle girl,
As playful as a very *squirrel* ;"

which it seemed to me were scarce out of his mouth before I was called to breakfast—the following morning. I have since advanced somewhat in his acquaintance. He is a great self-educated Green Mountain boy, who was attacked with a propensity for writing poetry on meeting, in a pedlar's cart, an old copy of an Irish Magazine. He showed it me as a particular favor. It was thumbed almost to obliteration ; but among its trash were the following Lines, which I had never seen before, and which I requested Abiram (that is my monster's name) to copy for me :—

A Widower's Address to the Spirit of his departed Child—written on the envelope of a lock of her hair.

Pledge of love as pure and deep
As ever thrilled in mortal breast !
I would not, could I break thy sleep,
Recall thee from the couch of rest,
Where thou are now in peace reclining,
A stranger to the world's repining.

No ! bright as was thy brief career
In this wild world of storm and gloom,
And much as I have wished thee here,
My soul's dark sorrow to illume,
In loneliness I'd rather languish,
Than have thee partner in my anguish.

Beside—would even Heaven allow
Thy advent to this earth again,
That boon to thee were cruel now,
Since human ills—a numerous train—
Would cross thee in thy path of life,
And stir thy young sweet thoughts to strife.

When she whose fond maternal eye
Watched thy first brightening hours of bliss,
Fled to a world beyond the sky,
And left us to the woes of this,

I deemed not fate could have in store
A future grief to touch me more.

But soon, by dire experience taught,
I found that fantasy untrue;
Once more, with added misery fraught,
The dark, death-dealing arrow flew.
Oh God! my soul, erewhile in sadness,
That stroke had almost stung to madness!

The passions of that hour are past,
And brokenly my heart lived on,
Though this will soothe me to the last,
Whate'er betide, to dwell upon—
'Twere better far that thou shouldst be
Where now thou art than here with me.

Yet looking on this sunbright tress
Unlocks the source of dried-up tears;
And thoughts intense and maddening press
On my hot brain—though hopes and fears
Since thou and thy sweet mother perished,
Have ne'er by me been felt or cherished.

Blossom of love! yes—on my mind
Strange and unusual feelings rush—
The flood-gates of my heart unbind
And bid its waters wildly gush,
As gazing on these threads I see
The all that now remains of thee.

Sweet baby mine!—farewell—farewell!—
I go to join the noisy throng;
But in my soul's deep haunted cell,
Thoughts, that to thine and thee belong,
Shall ever bloom as fresh and fair
As if they'd just been planted there.

And Oh! if tears of wo can nourish
The flowers of memory in the breast,
Then those in mine will surely flourish,
And each succeeding hour invest
Their stems with charms unknown before,
Till we three meet to part no more.

AUG. 10. At Saratoga—dressing, breakfasting, dressing, dining, dressing, dancing—the history of a week. I never had occasion to study Neckclothiana so devoutly.

AUG. 18. Yesterday, the seventh day after my arrival, having been reduced to my last unsported tie, I vacated the small orifice in which I was nightly deposited, and dropped off unnoticed, like a grain of sand in an hour-glass, to join the more quiet races of mankind. I sit in an upper story at

Titus's in Troy (was ever such a classic description of a whereabout?) feeling, though my room is scarce six feet by two, a propensity to stretch myself after my Saratoga quarters, as I have observed a fly to do after sleeping in a quill. I wonder who knows that Troy is one of the most agreeable places "unwritten" about. I wonder who knows that within a ten minutes ride from the place of my present writing, is an elevation called Mount Ida, which commands positively one of the most exquisite natural pictures in the world. The long sweep of interval down the Hudson, with the two or three lovely islands in the midst, the fine junction of the Mohawk above, the bold, broken horizon on every side, Troy beneath you, and Albany looking so well in the distance, that you half forgive it for its hogs, offals, broken pavement, and the score of other nuisances more Dutch than decent—all these, I was saying, make up a scene of loveliness not much surpassed even by Holyoke and Kattskill. And just back, too, there is a superb ravine with a wild stream dashing through it, and a road through a valley near by, (I have quite forgotten in what direction, having been whisked over it by an Editor friend of mine, who is called a "star," but drives more like a comet,) all beautiful enough for a yearly pilgrimage.

Troy has a reputation, however, and a wide and deserved one, for its Female College. I was fortunate enough to light on an exhibition day, and getting admission under favor, heard a composition and a recitation or two. The first was graceful, and in good taste; but the last were a kind of improvised account of given chapters in philosophy, done with a selectness of language, and a clearness of recollection quite beyond anything in my experience of college examinations. I was struck altogether by the air of knowingness and attention about the pupils; and what is perhaps of less importance, there was a simplicity and good taste in their dresses, very unlike the usual *gauche*, bread-and-butter-ish look of boarding-school inmates. I think if I had a daughter, (thank the gods I am not so afflicted,) I would send her to Troy—particularly if her name was Helen.

Troy always seems to me like a piece of a large city. The houses are built city fashion, and the inhabitants wear their hats and drive their horses authentically, and I am told that when the fresh-water bass are in season, they give beautiful dinners, and cook well. I think if it were not for my horror of the nuisances in the vicinity, (the hogs and stage runners of Albany—each of which has nearly been the death of me every summer for the last six years,) I would spend my "forty

pounds a year" there. It is the only considerable place in the state that is kept clean—a consideration to gentlemen like myself, who are getting elderly and wear shoes. It is the only place in the state, too—and I have been all over it—where I have not been run down, at some time or other, in the street by hogs. I am decidedly of opinion that one of these animals *couchant* should be the State seal.

TO VENUS.

O THOU most lovely and most beautiful!
 Whether thy doves now cooingly do lull
 Thy bright eyes to soft slumbering upon
 Some dreamy south wind—whether thou hast gone
 Upon the heaven now; or if thou art
 Within some pure-eyed cloud, and on its heart
 Pourest rich tinted joy—whether thy wheels
 Are touching on the sun-forsaken fields,
 And brushing off the dew from highest grass,
 Leaving the poor green blades to look—alas!
 With dim eyes at the moon—(ah! so dost thou
 Full oft quench brightness)—Venus! whether now
 Thou passest o'er the sea, while each light wing
 Of thy fair doves is wet—while sea-maids bring
 Sweet odors, for they—(ah, how foolish they!)
 They have not known thy smart!
 They know not, while in ocean caves they play,
 How strong thou art.

Where'er thou art, O Venus! hear our song—
 High goddess, hear! for unto thee belong
 All pleasant offerings; bright doves coo to thee
 The while they twine their necks, with quiet glee,
 Among the morning leaves; thine are all sounds
 Of pleasure on the earth—and where abounds
 Most happiness, for thee we ever look;
 Among the leaves in dimly lighted nook
 Most often hidest thou, where winds may wave
 Thy sunny curls, and cold airs come and lave
 Thy beaming brow, and ruffle the light wings
 Of thy tired doves; and where his love-song sings,
 With lighted eyes, some little, strange, sweet bird,
 With notes that never but by thee are heard—
 Oh! in such scene most bright thou liest now,
 And with half-opened eye
 Drinkest in beauty; Oh, most fair! that thou
 Wouldst hear us cry!

O thou! by whom all things upon the earth
 Are brighter—thou for whom even laughing mirth
 Lengthens his note—thou whom the joyous bird
 Singeth continuously—whose name is heard
 In every pleasant sound—thou from whose glance
 All things look brighter—for whom wine doth dance
 More merrily within the brimming vase
 To meet thy lip—*thou at whose quiet pace*
Joy leaps on faster, with a louder laugh,
And sorrow tosses to the sea his staff,
And pushes back his hair from his dim eyes,
And looks again upon forgotten skies ;
And avarice forgets to count his gold,
 Yea unto thee his withered hand doth hold,
 Filled with heart-blood—thou to whose high might
 All things are made to bow ;
 Oh! come to us, and turn thy looks of light
 Upon us now.

Oh, hear, great goddess! thou whom all obey—
 At whose desire rough satyrs leave their play,
 And gather wild flowers, decking the bright hair
 Of her they love, and oft black-berries bear
 To shame them at her eyes ; O thou to whom
 They leap in awkward mood, among the gloom
 Of darkening oak trees, or at lightsome noon
 Sing unto thee, upon their pipes, a tune
 Of wondrous languishment—thou whose great power
 Brings up the sea-maids from each ocean bower,
 With many an idle song to sing to thee,
 And bright looks flowing half above the sea,
 And gleaming eyes, as if in distant caves
 They saw their lovers—(so among the waves
 Do bubbles flit—mocking the kindly sun,
 With little, laughing brightness)
 Oh come! and ere thy festival is done,
 Our new loves bless!

O thou! who once didst weep, and with sad tears
 Bedew the pitying woods!—by those great fears
 That haunted thee when thy bright lover lay,
 With dark eyes drowned in death—by that dull day,
 When poor Adonis fell with many a moan
 Among the leaves, and sadly and alone
 Breathed out his spirit—Oh! do thou look on
 All maidens, who for too great love grow wan,
 And pity them ; come to us when night brings
 Her first faint stars—Oh let us hear the wings
 Of thy most beauteous and bright-eyed doves
 Stirring the breathless air ; let all thy Loves
 Be flying round thy car—with pleasant songs
 Moving upon their lips ; come—each maid longs
 For thy bright presence ; goddess of rich love,
 Come on the odorous air—
 And as thy light wheels roll, from us remove
 All love-sick care.

Convention of Teachers.

Lo! we have many kinds of incense here
 To offer thee! and sunny wine and clear,
 Fit for young Bacchus; flowers we have here too,
 That we have gathered, when the morning dew
 Was moist upon them; myrtle wreaths we bear,
 To place upon thy bright and waving hair,
 And shade thy temples; goddess! 'tis the time
 Of all fair beauty; thou who lov'st the clime
 Of our fair Cyprus, *where sweet flowers blow
 With honey in their cups, and with a glow
 Like thine own cheek, raising their modest heads
 To be refreshed with the transparent beads
 Of silver dew; behold! this April night
 Our altars burn to thee; lo! on the light
 We pour out incense from each golden vase;
 O goddess, hear our words!*
 And hither turn, with thine own matchless grace,
 Thy white-winged birds!

A. P.

CONVENTION OF TEACHERS.

Who does not recollect the eloquent description of the grievances of the teacher in "Old Mortality?" Goldsmith, in his well known allusion to the "Village Master," has commemorated the "tyrant of childhood" in his official capacity, rather than expressed his sympathy for the personal trials and struggles of that long-suffering man. But who that has ever stooped to lift childhood over the threshold of knowledge, does not cherish a sense of personal kindness and obligation towards the honored novelist, who, in one of the finest passages of his finest works, has not disdained to compassionate the miseries and vexations of the School Master?

In truth the teacher stands in peculiar need of encouragement. In our country, he is for the most part a young man; reluctantly compelled to his present station by the "*res angusta domi*," but looking above and beyond it—bright with hopes of honor in a profession. There is nothing connected with the outward circumstances of his office to attract the favor of the fair and the young. On the contrary, they whose sympathies are sweetest to him, too often regard his duties as abject and old fashioned. They associate with the image of an instructor, some "Ichabod" or "Dominie" of by-past times, with antiquated habiliments, uncouth figure, and awkward manners. Is it to be wondered then that the humble teacher himself should forget, in his moments of despondence,

his proud, his peculiar consolations? that Milton devoted his fine mind, improved by travel and study, to keeping school? that Jeremy Taylor taught boys Latin, and assisted in making a grammar? and that the veteran Parr was the chosen companion of his prince?

All this is nothing new; but the public require sometimes to be reminded of it, and in a way that shall not be forgotten. The teacher needs some popular movement—some demonstration of public regard, to raise himself and his office into favor, and to enable him to go forward in his work with the port and assurance of a man.

But the duties of a teacher, always momentous, are oftentimes full of perplexity as well as trouble. No class of men, in their official relations, have greater necessity for mutual counsel, countenance and succor. He must have eyes and ears to little purpose, who cannot understand the benefit, in the affair of education, as in any other great work, of men pulling shoulder to shoulder, and conducting a common cause by the impulse of united hands and voices.

Out of personal regard, therefore, to the instructor, and for the sake of the public good, we rejoice that a meeting of teachers and of others interested in education, from all sections of our country, has been lately called in this city; that the summons have been well heeded; and that the public have regarded the course adopted by the Convention with favor.

While upon this topic, we will venture to go a little out of our way, and to express a hope that too ready an ear may not be lent at any time to visionary improvements in the road of learning, and to fancied short cuts to knowledge. We are sensible that this suggestion lays us open to the reproach, with some, of coveting labor for its own sake, and of loving to crack the nut, (to use a homely phrase,) not for the sake of the meat, but of the difficulty of the operation. But it is not so. It is not for the tears and groans—no, nor for the desponding heart and dejected visage, with which the noble boy sits down to his first Latin task—that we prize the severe operation. But we do in truth know, that in hardy conflicts like these must be schooled every unconquerable mind. It is because youth are to be trained to be not mere scholars, but men with muscle to encounter the world and its discipline, that we value these first lessons in self-reliance and fortitude. Reject this “rigid lore,” and you reject a “stern and rugged nurse” indeed, but one nurturing the soul in trials, which it can surmount triumphant in difficulty, strong in resolution,

conscious of power, self-relying and happy. That labor in itself is a sore evil we are not disposed to deny. The rising generation, it must be confessed, have cause to bewail their portion of this common calamity. It is not to be wondered in the least, that "thin-skinned" men retain some recollection of the thorn in the flesh in their youth. We ourselves have an impression of the tree of knowledge being watered with our tears; and the very flowers of classic story are associated, in our imagination, with tasks, stripes and privations.

At this day we can fix the price at which we purchased the choicest delights of Ovid and Virgil. For poor Phaëton we remember to have bartered a whole holiday of sunshine; with Pythagoras we dieted daily, it being supposed that loss of dinner and supper would assist our conceptions of his abstemious philosophy; while in our whole progress through the Georgics, we celebrated the virtues of the "flail" and the "threshing floor."

We are afraid, however, that it is not reserved for our day to remove this trouble, for which four thousand years have failed to find a remedy. If it be not easy to gain a mechanical advantage, it is harder still to create an intellectual facility. Many a man, by blistering his own fingers, has saved our own the painful process. But who, by beating his brains, can make them proxy for ours? Hundreds may improve the road for horses—but who can *McAdamize* the path for the "march of mind?" Watts has perfected the steam engine—but who has found a moving power in the elements for teaching grammar? Arkwright has invented the "double speeder" in the arts—but what machine can assist the boy's speed in learning his Latin? Alas! the hand may be saved its labor—but not so the head. And he who expects to diminish intellectual toil by substituting, for the direct application of the mind, mechanical or temporary facilities, will learn sooner or later that he has misapplied his talents.

What do we wish to imply by all this? Not that the career of improvements is limited to the material world—nor that facilities are to be discovered for supplying only the coarser wants of our nature. Very far from it. There is revealed to the mind a glorious vision, in the prospect of its future progress. But this will be seen in the classification and arrangement of the subjects of science; and not in pretended facilities of study, leaving us to overcome the same intrinsic difficulties as heretofore, while they deprive us of the advantage of vigorous preparation. Knowledge will be compassed in shorter time by the cultivation of its proper objects, and in

their proper order. Education will be reformed by giving the faculties their true direction, and not by dispensing with their use.

We know of few measures more likely to lead to the accomplishment of these predictions, than an "Association of Teachers" at stated periods to interchange opinions, compare systems, by the heat of discussion to elicit truth, and by concentrated light make it evident to the world. To associations for objects such as these we truly say—"God speed." And we feel assured that the youth who shall grow up under the happy influence of such efforts, will go forth into the great school of the world, "inflamed," in the glowing words of Milton, "with the study of learning, and admiration of virtue, and stirred up with high hopes to be brave men and worthy patriots—dear to God, and famous to all ages."

JOSEPHINE AND HER JEWELS.

JOSEPHINE, the wife of Napoleon, who was twice crowned by the Emperor, is said, while displaying her crown-jewels to her friend, among which were the Aigrette and Necklace of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, to have told them not to envy her their possession; for that they could not make her happy: and that she had been more delighted, in her youthful days, with the present of a pair of old shoes, than she now was with all these splendid gifts. Napoleon had granted her the empty title of Empress-queen, and the settlement of a magnificent pension. She was afterwards divorced from motives of policy, but always entertained the strongest attachment to Bonaparte, and died during his captivity at Elba.

Oh! envy not the glittering gem
That sparkles in the diadem,
That binds the regal brow:
For every gem may seem a thorn,
A weight, that is with torture borne,
Whose lustre lures thee now.

Ye gaze upon the blaze of light,
Reflected from yon Aigrette bright,
Charmed with its beauties rare:
To me, dark shadows mar the scene,
Dark visions of that murdered queen,
Whose coronet I wear.

Josephine and her Jewels.

For tears have dimmed each jewel there,
 Blood stained the snowy necklace fair,
 With pearls encircled round :
 Its links, like iron chains I feel,
 I see the flashing of the steel,
 And hear the deadly sound !

Empress and Queen—I twice was crowned,
 And all the bliss my bosom found,
 That power can e'er impart :
 His gift whose banner ne'er was furled,
 The conqueror of half the world,
 And lord of all my heart !

Yet nought there is in glory's beam,
 Can chase away the troubled dream
 Of that which still *may be* ;
 It haunts me in the festive hour—
 Breathes in the perfume of the flower,
 'Midst mirth and melody.

Then gaze not with a charmed eye,
 Upon the sceptre's brilliancy ;
 Those diamonds coldly shine !
 Far dearer to my breast would prove
 The simplest pledge of early love,
 If youthful peace were mine !

* * * * * *
 Too soon, alas ! did fate fulfil,
 The shadowy sense of coming ill,
 That pressed her spirit down :
 Too soon the potent, stern decree
 Of him she loved so fervently
 Displayed that envied crown.

She, who would thrones as dust have weighed,
 Had Love and Faith been unbetrayed,
 Fell by a gilded dart ;
 Banished the kingdom she loved best,
 The dearer empire of his breast :
 Peace to the Broken Heart !

That heart, by its own woes unmoved,
 With woman's self-devotion loved,
 And lived upon his fame,
 And burst not, till the doom he gave,
 Recalling, made the victor, slave !
 And shadowed o'er his name.

ABOUT LETTERS, ETC.

Yes, gentle Reader, (I like that old phrase—it brings us so closely together)—Yes, I do think it is one of the greatest delights of a man's life to read and write letters—true conversational, off-hand letters; and for my part I am well repaid for my walk of two miles, by even the receipt of one letter; and if I have two I am happy for two or three days—I have to transport myself back among all my old friends, and imagine myself holding converse with them, face to face. Blessings be upon him who first invented mails and post-offices. I think that he, whoever he was, deserves a statue to his memory on every turnpike road in the country. What is the worth of a conqueror's name, compared with that of his who has given so vast an increase of happiness to thousands and tens of thousands. I wonder that the ancients never established mails and stage-coaches; and yet they found a way of managing without them no doubt.

Reader, I have seated myself at Ned's table for the purpose of talking; and as I am a rambling, digressive kind of person in conversation, you will, nay, you must allow me to be so in my converse with you. I say this, for I was about to remark, that it is strange how much more it requires to make us comfortable, than was needed by the old Romans and Greeks—glass windows, chimneys, mails and stage-coaches, and a multitude of other conveniences—how could *we* do without? And yet the ancients had them not. I know not how much more virtuous the world may be than it was in the times of Cicero; but it is certain, that with respect to comfort and refinement, we enjoy a life of nearly double the value of theirs. How in the world could they have got on though without newspapers and magazines? By the way, what a glorious editor Cicero would have made! what a splendid essayist! what a glorious satirist!—though I question if the weapons of warfare used among editors in our times, would not have been too gross and rough for his sublime spirit. Cicero's satire was no broad sword—cutting down from head to heel—wielded with both hands, and swung with all strength—no; it was like Saladin's scimitar, dividing and penetrating everything it touched—passing through without being felt, until the red blood flowed from the deep wound. I think Cicero the very prince of satirists—unequalled and unapproachable; and indeed I believe that I respect him more than most men, in every way. His courage has been called in question; but I

doubt if it will not be found that in moral courage he was perfect, though in physical courage he might be wanting. Ask history how he died, and then call in question his courage. What is it he says of himself? I have forgotten almost—‘Fearful in foreseeing dangers—not in enduring them.’ But his letters—who will call their character in question, though some may doubt of his. Of all letters ever written, I think Cicero’s the most perfect, both in style, as mere writing, and as familiar epistles. Of all things in the world, I think it is the hardest to write a good letter for the world to read; and of all things in the world, the easiest to write a good letter to a friend. It is but putting your pen to the paper, and going on as you would to your friend personally—dropping from one subject to another naturally and easily, as you would if you were all alone with him at night by a good fire, or, if in summer, with your window open to the pleasant air, with one hand on his shoulder, and the other on the wine-glass. So would I write a letter; and whoever would do so would never complain—‘I am no letter-writer.’ And yet how many always write a letter as if it were an essay for the New Monthly—erasing here, and supplying there, dotting every *i*, and crossing every *t* with the most exact precision. Oh, deliver me from a formal letter! I say that any one can write a letter,—and so I would say that any one can perform his part in conversation, anywhere, and before any person, but they *will not* be at ease; there is a feeling of oppression upon them, like the stifling coal damp, and what they fear they shall not do well, they do not at all. Now I wonder whether it be a general rule that a person who excels in light conversation, excels too in writing a friendly letter. I believe so; and this shows me another path to digress into—by the way, what a pleasant liberty this is of digressing. I do delight to leave the broad high-way of the world, and go into its green and shady by-paths. I delight to go out of the common road in everything—to wander about under the green trees, and dip my feet in the cold brooks that we find sprinkled about everywhere; and not to plod on straight forward forever in one beaten track. What though we do lose now and then a mile, that portion of our journey is its pleasantest part. There are things to be sure, where a direct aim is indispensable—in a theorem in geometry, for example, or an argument upon a metaphysical question; but in a letter or an essay like this, on I would journey, as you do sometimes down a pleasant stream in the country—winding about among the trees—now with the sun shining out on your skiff—now with the shade of

some great oak cooling your brow—now seeing on the shore some fairy spot of green herbage—and now some bank of pure white sand. Give me such a voyage, and no canal-boat; give me the journey over hill and dale, and no stage-coach; the bound through a snow bank, and not the trot over a McAdamized road. And so it is in other things. I would sit for hours and hear the pleasant warblings, and cadences, and graces poured out from Hanna's flute, or rolled off by Kendall's horn, but not to listen to the ever same notes of a barrel organ. Lady Morgan says, that in this consists the excellence of Rossini's music; so I think. I hate this repetition of one thing—this sameness. I like the beautiful variety of the nightingale far better than the continual sameness of the robin; and I half like Lady Morgan for that same remark, though she is no particular favorite of mine—Reader of mine—gentle Reader—is it not strange how one thinks? I was just going on with a train of thought then. This is why I like modern poetry, it is just like modern music—all change and variety; and then, as Shelley is always in my mind when I think of poetry, I took him for an example, and then came back to me the subject which, if I have not forgotten, I promised to treat upon—namely, Letters; and I said to myself—what a glorious letter-writer Shelley would have made! Well I wonder if Shelley ever wrote any letters—it would be a glorious feast to read them. The letters of Shelley—what a transcript of his mind they must be; his whole soul poured out to his friends; pages burning and sparkling with thoughts which none but those who like him are able to conceive.

But of letters—I have hardly said two words upon them yet. There is the letter from home—from parents, sisters or brothers. Who has not received them, joyed over them, or wept over them? Every one—ay, every one. I recollect, as Antony says, the *first time ever* I received one; I was at a boarding-school—those prison houses for the young and light-hearted. I was dispirited and discontented; and who is not the first time he leaves home and goes among strangers. I was generally a good scholar—very; but then I was going backward. I was careless and reckless of advancement, and many were exulting over me as a new scholar. I was down towards the lower part of the class—had been scolded half a dozen times for my laziness; and the teacher, who knew me, and had told his boys that I was a capital scholar, began to look very blue upon me; little cared I—very little. Well, directly there came a letter from home—from my mother. Mothers *do* write the best letters in the world—talking away

to me about everything that I desired to hear, till I felt at home, where I was, with the certainty that I could receive a letter every fortnight, till I was quite reconciled. That night I slept soundly ; and in three days I was at the head of my class, and in a fortnight acknowledged to be the best scholar in school for my age. That was my first letter from home.

I once had a friend, by name Irving—we were living in Boston, and he had become dissipated. He had lost at play ; he had suffered himself to be conquered by intoxication. I had talked with him in vain—reasoned with him in vain. It was of no use ; and he might now have been among the lowest dregs of humanity—a grovelling, brutish being, fit only to congregate with misery and vice, but for one simple circumstance. He had left me about seven one night, to pass his evening in his usual manner—left me in anger, and I had just set myself down to writing, when the door opened and Irving walked in. He came up to the table and offered me his hand—“Titcomb,” said he, “forgive me for the trouble I have given you—can you?” “Yes,” said I, as I took his hand. “You look bewildered—I am myself again—read that letter and you will know the cause.” It was from his sister—a tender, affectionate letter—full of sisterly love. It reformed him, and he is now the pride of that sister, and the delight of all who know him.

One more. I had a friend who was a lieutenant in the army during the last war. He was called out one morning, suddenly, to march about twenty miles with his company, and it was three days before he returned. Directly after his arrival again at camp, the post came in with letters ; he received one from his mother, and was surprised at being informed that it was written for the sake of undeceiving him with regard to the last letter she had written—*that*, she said, was to inform him of the death of the young lady to whom he was engaged—but that, after she was supposed to be dead, and the letter was despatched, she had recovered her animation, and was now pronounced out of danger. Now here was a queer occurrence—he had received no letter for a month before. However, he called in Pat, his Irish servant, who was busy rubbing his sword—“Pat,” said he, “have I had a letter this day or two?” Pat suspended operations upon the sword for a moment, looked at his master in great perplexity, and at length said—“By the hokey, liftenant, myself don’t know that.” “Don’t know that ! here it seems a letter ought to have come day before yesterday.” “Oh, murther, captain !” uttered Pat, dropping his sword and making his exit, but re-

turning directly with the knapsack which he had borne on the march, and from whose depths he pulled out the identical letter. "This," said my friend, "was the only time that ever I was glad that I had not received a letter from home." It seems that Pat, in the hurry of marching, had thrust the letter into the knapsack and forgotten it. This time, however, he escaped a scolding for his carelessness.

Next to a letter from home, comes that from a friend—a careless, wrinkled sheet, with here and there an omission or a blot. I would as soon read a dissertation on political economy, as read a letter as many *will* write—so nice, so precise, as if friends were to measure out thought in geometrical lines and parallelograms. A letter from your friend—how gloriously it brings him before you, or carries you back, till you remember either the quiet times you have spent with him in his room or yours, or in your common room, which is a thousand times better, conversing with each other, looking at each other, reading to each other from some gorgeous poet—Shelley perhaps, or Coleridge—till you were away from the world, up with them in the clouds, and in the sky of poetry. Oh! it is coming again upon your home, and you can well say with the ancient mariner—"Oh, dream of joy."

I think that one of the greatest pleasures of life is recollection. On the whole, I think we can consider this life as a pleasant one. I believe that it is like our weather—with now and then a storm—now and then a cold day, or our north-easterly winds—those villanous blood-hounds, going through you like a pointed icicle—but generally we enjoy pleasant weather. So it is with life—at least with its earlier days. Sometimes, truly, comes the cold storm of adversity, or the blue devils make a lodgment upon your mind; but even in this case, as old Seneca says—"Juvat meminisse actes labores"—troubles past are pleasures. There is much philosophy in that remark. By the way—to digress again, and to defend the character of Seneca—he is accused of weakness for weeping in a storm; but it is a strange circumstance that heroes among the Romans were more easily excited to tears than those of our day. Half of the brave men in Tacitus have yielded to that weakness. I question whether it was considered a disgrace. A brave man might then weep nor be called womanish.

But to get back again to letters. I said I thought recollection one of the greatest pleasures of life; so I do. I already dream of things past with great pleasure. I like to sit down and dream over such things by the hour together. By

the way, speaking of dreams—did you ever dream a splendid vision of climbing up among the stars; going up to the sun, and revelling in his beams; riding in a chariot of gold with gorgeous shapes and spirits about you, till you fancied yourself one of them—a being of light and glory; and in the midst of this you were awakened by the awkward reality of rolling out of bed? Were you ever so astounded? And did you ever seize a letter, supposing it to be from your friend, and find it to be from a dun? or what is worse, an anonymous letter of *advice*? An anonymous letter! by all the gods at once, its writer should be hung up, like Virgil's ghosts, to the winds of heaven; drawn by wild horses; tortured by the dropping of water upon his head, into madness; or slain outright by the kicking of ten thousand grasshoppers. I wonder if a man ever sleeps quietly in his bed after such a cowardly action.

P.

THE PLAGUE.

And they that took the disease died suddenly; and immediately their bodies became covered with spots, and they were hurried away to the grave without delay. And the men who bore the corpse, as they went their way, cried with a loud voice—"Room for the dead!" And whomsoever heard the cry fled from the sound thereof with fear and trembling.

ANON.

"Room for the dead!" a cry went forth—
 "A grave—a grave prepare!"
 The solemn words rose fearfully
 Up through the stilly air.
 "Room for the dead!"—and a corse was borne
 And laid within the pit;
 But a mother's voice was sadly heard—
 And a breaking heart was in each word—
 "Oh! bury him not yet!"

The mother knelt beside the grave,
 And prayed to see her son;
 'Twas death to stop—but by her prayers
 The wretched boon was won.
 And they raised the coffin from the pit,
 And then afar they fled;
 For the once fair face was spotted now—
 But the mother pressed her dead child's brow
 And in a faint voice said—

"Nor plague nor spots shall hinder me
 From kissing thee, lost one!
 For what, alas! is life or death
 Since thou art gone, my son!"
 And she bent and kissed the livid brow
 While tearless was her eye—
 Then her voice rang wildly in the air—
 "Widow and childless!—God! is there
 Aught left me but—to die!"

The words were said—when there uprose
 A low and stifled moan;
 Then all was still: the spirit of
 That stricken one had flown!

* * * * *

They lengthened the grave, and side by side
 Mother and son were laid:
 No mourning train to the grave went forth,
 Nor prayers were said as they heaped the earth
 Above the silent dead!

C. P. I.

DISCOURSES

Delivered before the Historical Society of Michigan.

Of the two discourses before us, (published at Detroit recently and together,) one was delivered in September, and the other in June last. The former occasion was the first anniversary of the Society instituted, as its name indicates, for the collection and preservation of materials for tracing the history of that territory. Associations of this kind in various states have been, and are likely to be of great utility. They have concentrated individual efforts and resources. They have embodied collections and recollections which will form a rich part of our future histories; and have investigated sources of *materiel*, and adopted systems of operation, which will be every year increasing the fund. To their exertions of a few past years, indeed, we are more indebted, perhaps, than to all the generations that preceded them from the settlement of the country. With due reverence we advance this heterodox sentiment. Our fathers were enough occupied to be founders of the republic; they could find little leisure for *mere* science or literature of any description. Their intellectual pursuits were practical, of necessity. They were far too busy with learning and teaching their own language, and opening their own wild country to the sunshine, to think of

digging out the roots of the Indian dialects or the Indian soil. The very existence of the tribes among and around them was another hindrance ; for, upon whichever party the blame ought to lie, they were at swords' points from a very early period down to a very late one.

The Indians in those days would have furnished excellent opportunities for narratives and discourses, experiment and research ; but unluckily, before they could well be civilized, or their institutions scrutinized, or their origin and history studied, they were thought to need *physical* discipline. The musket, therefore, that most elementary of all tools for teaching, was the order of the day for one or two ages. Rev. Mr. Wilson, Capt. Church, and others of that school, were at sundry times and in divers manners commissioned to massacre the red-faced heathen ; partly by way of reducing their numbers, that the residue should be Christianized the sooner ; but chiefly to conciliate their good will, and do away the prejudice, with which, being savages, it was rational to suppose them possessed. There would be time enough for the *pen* by and by. The first step towards collecting a cabinet of Indian literature was to catch specimens ; other generations, with more leisure, could stuff them. But unfortunately for history, and especially for the Indians, they conceived another view of the matter. They paganishly resisted both the discipline and doctrine of their loving instructors. Some of them most unwarrantably suspected their motives ; others were slow in appreciating the superior excellence of their religion and morality ; and not a few were perverse enough to consider the aforesaid massacres a kind of affront. Instead of growing more subordinate, therefore, they incontinently raised the war-whoop ; and manifested *their* affection in return by burning the barns of their kind masters, and lovingly beating out the brains of their children. The whites were compelled of course to retaliate ; and they soon found abundance of *fighting* on their hands, without *writing*. The Indians were given over as incorrigibly rancorous in resisting the faith of pike and gun ; and as their civilization was no longer practicable, their history, as savages, was thought quite unimportant. Except that children were kept orderly by horrid stories about them for some time ; and an Indian's head was occasionally daubed upon a tavern-keepers sign, like a Saracen's in England—the red men were as if they had never been.

We should apologize, perhaps, for wandering from our allotted territory. Our remarks have been suggested, however, by the pamphlets before us. They contain a great va-

riety of very interesting facts concerning the history of the northern Indians, collected from various authentic sources, and many of which have never before been published. The earlier in date of the two is by Gov. Cass. This gentleman is distinguished for an article furnished for a late number of the N. A. Review, on the Indian Removal. It will be recollected that his Excellency's *rationale* in that case was somewhat weakened, by his acknowledgment of a certain *alibi*. As he thought the construction of treaties is of right to be controlled by the present circumstances of the tribes they were made with; so he thought these circumstances, in relation to the Cherokees, were to be ascertained by an acquaintance with the Chippehominies, and other tribes of the North-West. His Excellency then has a personal knowledge of the latter; and these are chiefly concerned in the present Discourse. His preliminary page is in fine taste.

"There are no proud recollections associated with the earlier history of this region of forests, and lakes, and prairies. No monuments have survived the lapse of ages, to attest at once the existence of heroic achievements and a nation's gratitude. No names of renown have come down to us, rescued from oblivion by their virtues or their vices. No place is found in all our borders, where the traveller can meditate upon the instability of human power, amid the evidence of its existence and decay, nor where the memory of brilliant exploits can be recalled among the scenes of their occurrence. Our country is yet fresh and green. Centuries must roll on before our arches are broken, our columns dilapidated, our monuments destroyed—before the hand of time shall have impressed upon our high deeds and high places, that sanctity which enables the inhabitants of the Eternal City, even in this day of Roman degeneracy, to look back with pride to the deeds and days of the republic. Our only monuments are the primitive people around us. Broken and fallen as they are, they yet survive in ruins, connecting the present with the past, and exciting emotions like those which are felt in the contemplation of other testimonials of human instability."

The drift of the Discourse is to sketch the history of Michigan, and of the Indian, French and English history as connected with it. He informs us that "nearly three centuries" ago (in 1535, we believe) Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence. Early in the next century, Champlain introduced and reared a French colony on the banks of the river. Quebec was founded in 1625. Seven years after, their missionaries were among the Wyandots about Lake Huron; and by the middle of the century, trading-posts were fixed at various places on Lake Michigan. The Mississippi was first entered June 17, 1673 by Joliet, and a few years after by La Sale, who launched the first vessel of the Lakes at Erie in 1679, and explored the whole magnificent river to its mouth. From this time the

design was cherished of a cordon of posts from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. The first English expedition reached Detroit Strait in 1686. Before the government could act, however, they were anticipated by a great French Council at Montreal, of which the result was an expedition of "an hundred men and a Jesuit,"* who founded Detroit in 1701. Since that time the flag of the place has changed five times; three sovereignties have claimed its allegiance; and since it has been held by the States, its government has been thrice transferred; "twice it has been besieged by the Indians, once captured in war, and once burned to the ground!" The British took possession in 1760; the Americans in 1796.

Rather more *Indian* history will be found in the second of these Discourses, by Mr. Schoolcraft, (the well-known traveler,) and, in our view, better conceptions of the origin and character of the race. The changes which two centuries of almost ceaseless war have effected upon the various Indian tribes, are strikingly pointed out. The Iroquois were long the great auxiliary of English power; and the Algonquins, on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, of the French. — Both these powerful nations have almost disappeared.

"No foresight could have anticipated that the lapse of time would bring back this proud and conquering people into the upper lakes, as suppliants to the north-western tribes for a small tract of ground to raise their corn upon, and to serve as a refuge for their children. Yet such are the facts exhibited by the treaty of purchase made by the Iroquois delegates of the Menominees and Winnebagoes in 1821. This treaty took place at Green Bay, near which the Iroquois settlements have been gradually accumulating. Four years later, at Butte des Morts, they formally smoked the pipe of peace with the northern Algonquins, after a war, which, without any formal cessation, is known to have continued the better part of two centuries."

Mr. Schoolcraft gives a sketch of the Foxes. They were found west of Lake Superior. Having endeavored to keep terms with both English and French, they have been inordinately abused by both; and what is worse, by their fellow tribes, where the policy seems to be, as among more civilized people, always to accelerate a man's momentum who is going down hill. They were driven from "old Toronto" to Detroit by the French, thence to Green Bay by the English, and further on by the French, with the aid of the Chippewas and the rest of the *posse*. They are now, like the Chippewas, rivals of the Sioux, west of the Mississippi; all three being bloody

* This distinction between a man and a Jesuit is something new.

enemies of each other and all the rest of the world, for no earthly reason but the lust of fighting. (We would level all the bumps on our head, for a Fox cranium to illustrate combativeness.)

We should like to draw largely from both these excellent Discourses. In all matters of fact the authors agree, though not in speculations. Gov. Cass holds, for instance, that the Tartar origin of the Indians is established by "many resemblances, moral and physical." Mr. S., however, without stating a theory of his own, resists all deductions drawn from slight circumstances. On the subject of the mounds, too, he is unmercifully reasonable.

"Their monuments, if they can in strictness be said to have any, are equally unsatisfactory. They generally indicate a people in the rudest state of society, who made stone clumsily answer the various purposes of iron, and buried their dead above ground, probably for the simple want of a shovel to dig a grave. They piled one body upon another, for reasons obvious in erratic nations, and they chose high places of burial, to be out of the reach of periodical floods. This we consider the most reasonable explanation of the mounds, which have been referred to as evidences of their skill in geometry, of their idolatry, populousness;—and, in short, of anything but what they appear in reality to have been, rude barrows of the dead!"

He thinks the Indian population always has been, and still is over-rated. As to its decline—

"It has arisen not so much, it is apprehended, from the want of external sympathy, as from their falling under the operation of a general principle, which spares neither white nor red man, but inevitably dooms all who will not labor to suffering and want. Accustomed to live on game, they cannot resolutely make up their minds to turn agriculturalists, or shepherds, or mechanics. They have outlived the true hunter state of the country, yet adhere, with a fatal pertinacity, to the maxims of a wandering life."

All this may be true, we think, without settling the question *why* they adhere to these maxims, and whether it is our fault or their own. This is no place, however, for such a discussion. Other causes of their decline are subsequently stated.

"Disease has swept away more than the sword or the bottle. Ignorance of the *rationale* of medical treatment has exasperated their simplest maladies. Internal dissensions; scanty and unwholesome food; the effects of alternate abstinence and repletion; violent transitions from heat to cold—from intense and sudden exertion to listless indolence; contempt of regimen; a reliance on mystical medicines and superstitious rites, have alternately acted as cause and effect in reducing their numbers, and exasperating their condition. If we look closer to the constitution of the Indian mind, and their domestic habits; to their proverbial indolence and improvidence; their blind devotion to a dark and wild belief in sor-

cery and magic, and the paralysing effects of the doctrine of fatalism, we shall see other causes of their abasement. And many of these causes are totally independent of the proximity of a white population."

As to the early intercourse between the red men and the colonists:—

"Remiss we may have been in some things; and in others, fallen short of the jealous expectations of philanthropy and religion. It was difficult, in every exigency, to reconcile the duties of self-preservation with simultaneous efforts of improvement. But the difficulties were no sooner removed, than the efforts were renewed. And there is no period of our history, as a separate nation, in which their welfare and preservation has not entered largely into our internal policy."

This may be true also, but our national has been brief compared with our colonial existence. The difficulty was, that the Indians were exasperated, prejudiced and alienated, in the course of individual and provincial intercourse, before Government could interfere. The Massachusetts History is a striking illustration of this fact. Winthrop, who mentions the obligations which the colonists were under, by charter, to *attempt* civilizing "the Heathen;" as well as their neglect of the duty, (for reasons already given,) also acknowledges that *for about fifteen years* this barbarous people were not only peaceable, but positively friendly. They entered the settlements and houses of the whites without fear or suspicion; succored travellers who were lost in the woods, &c. But before this mood could be taken advantage of, injuries and insults were burning in their bosoms, never atoned for; massacres and thefts were committed, engagements violated, and prejudices fostered. The next thing was war to the knife-blade; and *then*, forsooth, the Indians were incorrigibly dull, wild or rancorous! We have masses of proof before us; but must go on—*qua semita monstrat*. This great subject remains yet to be treated of. To atone for our dull lucubrations, we quote once more from his Excellency:—

"A century and a half ago the great central point of Indian influence and intelligence was upon the southern shore of Lake Superior, and far towards its western extremity. This was the seat of the Chippewa power, and here was burning that eternal fire, whose extinction foretold, if it did not occasion, some great national calamity. No fact is better established in the whole range of Indian history, than the devotion of some, if not all the tribes, to this characteristic feature of the *ancient superstition of the Magi*. And it proves their separation from the primitive stock at an early day, when this belief was prevalent among the eastern nations. All the ceremonies attending the preservation of this fire, yet live in Indian tradition, and it was still burning when the French first appeared among them. There were male and female guardians to whose care it was

committed; and when we recollect the solemn ritual and dreadful imprecations with which the same pledge of Roman safety was guarded and preserved, it ought not to surprise us, that such importance was attached by the Indians to the ceaseless endurance of this visible emblem of power, whose duration was to be coeval with their national existence. The augury has proved but too true. The fire is extinct, and the power has departed from them. We have trampled on the one and overthrown the other."

Now, it strikes us, we have detected a "moral and physical resemblance" *here*, which knocks the Tartar business on the head. We find an exception, too, to the general ferocity which he charges upon the Indians:—

"Upon the Sandusky River, and near where the town of Lower Sandusky now stands, lived a band of Wyandots, called the Neutral Nation. They occupied two villages, which were cities of refuge, where those who sought safety never failed to find it. During the long and disastrous contests which preceded and followed the arrival of the Europeans, and in which the Iroquois contended for victory, and their enemies for existence, this little band preserved the integrity of their territories, and the sacred character of peace-makers. More fortunate than the English monarch, who, seated upon the shore of the ocean, commanded its waves to come no further, they stayed the troubled waters, which flowed around, but not over them. All who met upon their threshold, met as friends, for the ground on which they stood was holy. It was a beautiful institution; a calm and peaceful island looking out upon a world of waves and tempests."

"Once more unto the breach"—and the Discourses are despatched. We have sketched the history of the Foxes—the most pugnacious of all modern Ishmaelites. The last regular knock-down was given them by the Chippewas, at the great falls of the river St. Croix.

"It put an end to the feud between the Chippewas and Foxes. The latter abandoned their villages at the rice lakes, and retired down the Ouisconsin. The sequel of their story may be told in a few words. After a separation of more than half a century, these two tribes again met, but under widely altered circumstances. Time had effected a great revolution of feeling on the part of the Foxes. They had recovered their shattered fortunes, and in part recruited their population, by an intimate union with the Sauks, and with the small tribe of Iowas. But they had lost nothing of their warlike character, and reckless spirit of adventure. They were engaged in fierce hostilities against the Sioux, their ancient allies, and were thus, by the force of circumstances, but without any purposed concert, brought into a state of political alliance with the Chippewas.

"The meeting took place at Prairie du Chein in the summer of 1825, and was attended with more than ordinarily imposing circumstances. The Foxes, Sauks and Iowas were here to meet, not only their allies the Chippewas, but their open enemies the Sioux. They came to discuss the subject of a settlement of boundaries, willing to listen to terms of accom-

modation, but prepared for war. They ascended the channel of the Mississippi in a flotilla of canoes, so arranged that they moved up the stream in a compact body. Not a woman nor a child was with them. It was exclusively a party of armed warriors, painted and decorated in the most gorgeous manner, singing their war songs and beating their drums, with their barbaric ensigns displayed. In this attitude of warlike array, turning a point of land, they presented themselves in sight of the village, the whole male population of which, together with the assembled tribes of Indians present, rushed to the banks of the river to witness the advance of this novel spectacle. As the flotilla approached, it became apparent that the music and shouts were accompanied with dancing. The canoes were attached together, upon which a platform was erected. They passed slowly up against the strong current of the river, keeping the island shore until they reached a position opposite the Sioux encampment, at the upper part of the village, where their shouts and dancing became more than usually animated. They then wheeled slowly into the channel, keeping up their animated cries, and descended along the line of the village to an open plain below. To this point the throng of white and red men had followed, anxious to witness the debarkation of men thus flushed by their recent successes, and vain of their exploits. Keokuc, their war captain, led the way. Pointing with his lance to the crowd on shore, he motioned them to make way to admit his landing. The crowd obeyed. He instantly leapt ashore, and was followed by his whole party. They marched directly into the plain, and halted in line. They then stacked their spears and rifles, and stood within grasp of them. All this was effected with the precision and alacrity of drilled troops. In the mean time the Chippewas had arranged themselves in an irregular line in front. After a short pause, some of their aged chiefs advanced into the open space. This was a moment of intense and painful interest; but it was soon relieved. They were met by the Fox chiefs with a friendly salutation, and taken by the hand. Nor has anything since occurred to interrupt the harmony between these tribes."

We had a few nineteenthly observations to offer, upon certain doctrines of Gov. Cass; but the savages have left us no room. We raise the war-whoop now, and leave the tomahawk for another occasion.

T.

NUGÆ.....No. II.

"Dicere magnas nugas magno conatu."

TERENT.

I HAVE a friend who has as little poetry as he has deceit or duplicity in his composition; and he often evinces the entire destitution of each of these gifts at the same time, by murdering a beautiful idea of some favorite poet, by way of ridiculing what he cannot enjoy. He asked me where "De-

jection" is, where Shelley wrote those stanzas I am forever quoting;—he said it is somewhere "near Naples," he believed!

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear," &c. &c.

Do you remember Leigh Hunt's "Paulo and Francesca?" The whole of it is as sweet a morceau as ever was enjoyed; but there is one verse of it that I found myself unconsciously repeating this afternoon, as I was stretched in sleepy luxury beneath that oak branch yonder, which has been waving over that self-same sward these hundred years or more; and I repeat it again for your readers, who will doubtless remember it with all the delight with which its recurrence to my mind was hailed by myself:—

"One day—'twas on a summer afternoon—
When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,
And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,
And shades have heavy outlines in the sun——"

Was ever anything more beautiful, and natural, and sweet?

They love to laugh—the heartless, fanciless ones!—at Hunt; and they are wont to call his "prettinesses" and "sweetnesses" affected, and foolish, and silly; but, for a summer poet, a bard to enjoy amid trees, and brooks, and leafy shades, there is none I hold more dear than the author of "Rimini." What can be richer, finer, better than that gorgeous description of the garden—so full of beauties, so overflowing with delightful thoughts, so redolent of everything we love to find in poetry! The man who can sneer at such lines as these because they are quaintly, and, as *he* may call them, affectedly expressed, deserves a Bœrius for a laureat, and Cottle's "Alfred" for his vade-mecum.

"There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's ease, flushed with purple light;
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-colored box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks;
The lady-lily, looking gently down,
Pine lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort."

* * * * *

"And all about *the birds kept leafy house,*
And sung, and sparkled in and out the boughs;
And all about a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through.
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks—some in retreats,
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Looked up, half sweetly, and half awfully—

*Places of nestling green—for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight,
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.* RIMINI.

Here is a pretty idea—the couplet which contains it is taken from elegiac stanzas to the memory of a young and beautiful girl, by a lady. It is really worth preserving in a more enduring form than the columns of a newspaper:—

“We met not again till they wailed for her—dead!
Until tears (*the life-blood of the spirit*) were shed!”

Of all the queer epitaphs I have ever met with, I think the following the queerest:—

“Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who, as a wife, did never vex one;—
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.”

There's something more than sarcasm in this distich of Prior's, (I believe it is his,) it is intended, one would think, to operate as a cure for poetry, indeed:—

“Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the *living* Homer begged his bread.”

Who has never heard of the famous question that puzzled all the wise men of Greece in devising a solution thereto, and which gave rise to as much controversy among their sage pens, as ever did the discussion of the real authorship of Junius among more modern wise ones? “If a man tells me that he *never* speaks truth,—am I, or not, to believe him? If he never does speak truth, he is not to be believed *now*; if he tells truth now, he *lies*, because he says he *never* does so!” The celebrated Dr. Donne has this couplet:—

“I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go. *If he says true, he lies.*”

There is something in the following description of John Gottfried Von Herder's manner of reading, as related by Goëthe, that chimes so exactly with my ideas of what reading should be, that I cannot resist transcribing it, while perusing the interesting auto-biography of this wonderful Poet:—

“He [Herder] had a very peculiar manner of reading, of which those who heard him preach may form an idea. He read everything, and even this romance in a grave and simple tone. Averse to [from?] all dramatic imitation, he avoided not only the variety of accents allowable and proper in the reading of a narrative, but even *that slight change in intonation which marks what one says, and distinguishes the narrator from the personages* From the mouth of Herder everything flowed on in a uniform

tone, but without monotony, as if no actors had been supposed present, and all had been narration. One would have thought that these imaginary beings did not act on his mind like living personages, and only flitted gently by him like faint shadows. Yet this manner of reading had an inconceivable charm in his mouth; for deeply sensible as he was of the interest of every part of a work, capable of appreciating all the value of the variety that prevailed in it, he made the merit of any production the more conspicuous, by taking care not to distract his audience by the skill evinced in the details, or to destroy the impression of the whole, by the disproportionate force of particular passages."—p. 154.

O***

THE PRISONER FOR LIFE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

THE prisoner sat, in sorrow,
On the damp and silent ground;
The dew-drop trickled from the walls,
And the cricket chirped around.
The busy world went on without,
With its sun, and wind, and sea—
And the fountains made a merry shout,
And fair was the summer tree.

But he, whose limbs were cankering
In the fetter and the chain,
Had bowed him to the shrine of sin
Not to be free again.
With infamy upon his brow
For deeds that he had done,
He could not as of old go forth,
And smile to the smiling sun.

I listened by his cell, one day,
And heard the prisoner sing.
'Twas a legend of his early life,
And a wild imagining.
Oh memory! thou art a light
And blessedness to some—
Why should thy presence bring a blight
Into the prisoner's home?

Oh, how can he, whose early day
Was innocence and love,
Whose early soul was free from stain
As the clearest skies above,
Bear the near glance of thy tear-wet eyes
When thou look'st on him in shame,
And seest him lost to Paradise
And reckless of his name!

When the summer sun was in the west,
 Its crimson radiance fell,
Some on the blue and changeful sea,
And some in the prisoner's cell.
 And then his eye with a smile would beam,
 And the blood would leave his brain,
 And the verdure of his soul return,
 Like sere grass after rain.

But when the tempest wreathed and spread
 A mantle o'er the sun,
 He gathered back his woes again
 And brooded thereupon:
 And thus he lived, till Time one day
 Led Death to break his chain,
 And then the prisoner went away,
 And he was free again.

TRANSLATION OF A MANUSCRIPT LATELY FOUND AT HERCULANEUM.

Quintus Hortensius to Titus Pomponius Atticus, at Athens.

I SHOULD do injustice to you, my Atticus, as well as to our mutual and beloved friend Cicero, were I not to give you some account of this day's proceedings in our city.

Of the melancholy state of the times you are well aware. Faction, intrigue, bribery and corruption are spread throughout Rome. The whole moral atmosphere seems to be polluted. Even that place which of all others should be pure—the Senate-House—is infected. Every man of ruined fortunes seems to be exerting his whole strength to bring ruin upon the Republic, in hopes to raise himself to eminence amid the general desolation.

Such a man, as you well know, is Lucius Sergius Cataline, who, the last night, was detected to be at the head of a conspiracy more daring and horrid than any recorded on the page of history. It was no less than to raise a general insurrection, to fire the city, to put all of Senatorial blood to death, to overthrow the fair fabric of our Republic, and establish a tyranny upon its ruins. Of this Cicero, ever on the alert, obtained immediate intelligence, and early this morning summoned the Senate to the temple of Jupiter Stater, which, as you know, is done only in times of great public alarm. And would you believe that Cataline himself had the effrontery to meet with them? Yes—he, on account of whose daring

villany the Senate had now assembled, came boldly in and took his usual seat. At sight of this, Cicero, who sat in the Consul's chair, was confounded, and, for a time, seemed at a loss what to do. And no wonder, Atticus, when you reflect upon the times, and upon the body of men in the midst of which he was. How could he feel confident that the Senate would support him? How did he know but that half of them were leagued with the infamous Cataline? How could he think that this parricide would dare to set his foot within the temple, without feeling sure of the Senate's protection? He could not look around upon this body without seeing those of the most questionable character. He saw, on one side, a Cethegus, to whom the faction of Marius had looked up as its chief support;—on another, a Lentulus, who, by his prodigality, had become the leader of the mob;—and, before him, a Cæsar, artful, gifted, ambitious, aspiring to supreme command. No wonder, then, that at first the resolution of Cicero seemed to fail him. But at length, quieting every rising fear, summoning all his courage—his whole moral power, and feeling that his COUNTRY, his IDOL, called upon him at this trying hour, in the midst of such an assembly the orator rose,—and addressed Cataline himself. Never before did I hear such tones from the lips of Cicero. I had heard him when he imparted to the driest law-question the most intense interest. I had heard him when, by his persuasive eloquence, he seemed to bend even justice herself. I had heard him, when, in pleading the cause of the defenceless and the orphan, he drew tears from the sternest hearts. But here—how different! I never before saw our Cicero in such a character; I never thought he possessed such powers. He appeared in a new, in a divine light. He seemed like Patriotism herself, descended in human form, to save our threatened country. Such a strain of impassioned eloquence never before fell from the lips of man. Now, he addressed Cataline with the most thrilling denunciations;—laying open to his view the whole course of his past life, his vices, his intrigues, his daring villainies, his present horrid plot;—exhorting him to leave the city, and fly beyond the walls. Now, he addressed the Senate, conjuring them, in the name of their Republic, devoted to ruin—their city, to conflagration—their wives, to violence—their children, to slavery—their selves, to death,—to unite and crush the foul and daring traitor. Now, in the name of the mighty founders of the Republic—of Romulus and our martial ancestors, he implored the protection of Heaven over this hitherto favored land. Argument, entreaty, expostulation,

persuasion, warning, threatening—all were used to rouse the Senate to action, and to drive Cataline from the walls. When he thanked the immortal gods for their protection thus far, methought I saw the image of the devout and aged Chryses, as he stood in the midst of the Grecian camp, with his hands raised to Heaven in prayer. When he invoked their protection for the future, his tones were like the music of Apollo; when he called down vengeance upon the head of Cataline, they were like the thunder of Jupiter. Never, never can I forget this day. A feverish excitement is still upon me. Methinks I still see his majestic, noble frame; methinks I still hear the music, the thunder of his voice. It was indeed a spectacle of true moral sublimity, to see a single man, not knowing what might be the issue of his course, not knowing with what hidden dangers he might be beset, not knowing whether the Senate would support or abandon him—rise up in the midst of so august an assembly, fearless and alone, and deliver himself with such power, such eloquence for his country's good. As a special pleader, as an advocate for the rights of injured innocence, we have long acknowledged and felt his power; but with this day has commenced a new era of his life. With this day will his name be associated with all that is great and exalted in our nature. As an impassioned orator, an able statesman, a great and virtuous patriot, will his memory be cherished in all time to come. Long, long, my Atticus may he be preserved to Rome! Long may he live to protect the rights, and direct the energies of this great Republic!—Farewell.

ISORA.

ONE smile from thee—I ask no more
 To light me on my weary way;
 For even my tears can never pour
 A flood to quench its deathless ray;
 But deep that cherished smile shall be
 Within my heart of hearts enshrined—
 A temple worthy even thee—
 A part and portion of my mind.

One gentle smile—the wild bee sips
 No honey on his dew-fed lips—
 The airs that breathe of early spring
 Bear no such richness on their wing—

Those blessed gales that, full of balm
From lemon flowers and fields of palm,
Float over many an Indian isle,
Have no such sweetness—as that smile.

Long years its sunny light shall throw
A mellow radiance o'er the past—
Nor need you check its joyous glow,
For, dearest lady, 'tis the last :
The last! the last!—Oh Heaven, that word—
Whose deep despair no tongue can tell ;
But aching heart and brow record,
And long will own this wild Farewell.

* * * * *

Yet go—and when in orange bowers,
With buoyant step and laughing eyes,
You trip amid perennial flowers—
Forget my song, forget my sighs ;
Or, if a thought of me should come
Intruding on your pleasant home—
Think I am one still doomed to weep,
Whom Fate has made for love's excess ;
One, who, if fortune had been kind
To the free homage of his mind,
Would then have loved you, Oh, how deep !
But never now can love you less. *

PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF POETS.

It is usually admitted (so runs some chapter in some dry book on Political Economy) that the material for happiness is distributed equally among men. The Poet's proportion, it is certain, has not fallen to him, in eating, or drinking, or gold. Poverty of this world's riches, even in this age of "*utile sine dulci*," when waterfalls turn mills, and Mr. Bryant edits a Jackson paper, is still his allotment. Mr. Percival is the only old-fashioned Poet among us, and is as poor as he deserves to be, (to be rich and Percival too were more than Benjamin's mess,) but the rest do sacrifice like other men to Mercury, (Halleck reckons insurances, and Hillhouse deals in hardware, and in one way or another they all find it but a "working-day world,") and yet who that has written a sonnet is rich?—who that holds the Nine holy is more than a holiday visiter to Hippocrene? If the philosophy we have quoted above is true, however, there is an offset somewhere; and if the reward in the Poet's own bosom is not enough, (though

it should be,) it is perhaps to be found in the lively interest we take in their lives, and the genial affection with which we personally watch and cherish them.

There is nothing of private biography so attractive as the incidents of a Poet's life. The minute care with which they are collected, even the most trivial, cannot but have struck your notice. How accurately Burns's chequered life is told—and not alone in books, but handed about in the thousand-voiced tale and gossip, and thus made matter of undying tradition. Who would not rather have described to him the Dumfries Guager galloping over the Scotch hills on his unromantic vocation, than the monarch of any nation in Europe in his regal state? Who would not rather see Highland Mary than Queen Caroline—Ada Byron than all the Emperesses in the universe? Who does not look with added interest upon the otherwise sufficiently eminent actress of our own theatre, because her sister is the wife of the most eminent living Poet of England? The slightest link of genius with the world has a separate brightness, and this is its prerogative—to walk on its way with a light about it, and to be seen and worshipped of all.

There is a club of literary men in Edinburgh called the "Society of Ancient Scots," who some years since took each a Scottish Poet, and collected materials for a brief personal biography. They were beautifully printed in three volumes with portraits, and, by the kindness of a dear friend, are now before us. We have taken no little pleasure in reading them, and though out of two hundred there are many whose fame has barely, if at all reached us, there is none so indifferent, that we have not marked in it some striking trait or passage worthy and characteristic of a Poet.

Scotland has had three kings who were Poets, the three James's, and their lives, though history has done them justice, are told here with more minuteness, and far more interest, than in the stiff chronicle of the historian. The imprisonment of James I., and his elegant pursuits while in the Tower, (his favorite book was "*Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*," the last exquisite drop from the fountain of Roman literature,) have made him the scholar's hero, while his own "gentle muse" has won for him a legitimate title to the remembrance of all lovers of poetry. The account of his last days of imprisonment contain a trait of susceptibility which has become a matter of history, but it is beautiful enough to bear repetition. It is thus told in the book before me :—

"Happily, however, the day of liberty at length arrived; and, to a prince of his sanguine and romantic cast of mind, it could not come with the less charm that it was ushered in by the magic wand of female beauty.

"The window of his chamber in Windsor Tower looked forth into a small garden which occupied the place that was once the moat of the keep.

"As he was listening on a May morning to these 'hymnis of love,' he cast his eyes downwards and saw, walking under the Tower, 'the fairest and the freshest young floure' that he had ever seen. His heart, open and unoccupied, languishing after communion with some kindred nature, was instantly captivated. He caught up, with a rapid and insatiate eye, every feature of grace and beauty about the fair unknown; and, in a few moments, all his feelings were in an ecstasy of commotion.

"The departure of the lady from the garden put an end to this temporary enchantment. He instantly relapsed into that moodiness of despair from which the fair vision had aroused him; his destiny seemed now a hundred times more cruel, more heart-breaking than ever; the whole of a long day he spent in 'sighing with himself allone;' and when Phœbus

'Bad go farewele every lef and floure,'

he found himself still lingering at the window, and for 'lack of myt and mynd' to stir from the spot, made sacred by the morning's adventure, he laid his head on the cold stone, and fell asleep."

It is not common in the life of kings for a romance of this description to have a happy termination, but James afterwards married his "young floure," the Lady Jane Beaufort, said to have been the most beautiful woman in Scotland. James's poetry is spoken highly of by the writer of this biography, and commended mainly for its exquisite moral purity and grace. His "Christ's Kirk on the Grene" is still read, and admired for its humor by the lovers of Chaucer and Gower. He died a melancholy death, closing his life as it was begun, in a cloud of misfortune—and thus, though a king, paying what, on the principle of equal allotment, was but the penalty of genius.

James V., or, as he was called by a glorious distinction, the "King of the Poor," was every way a romantic character. His well-known ballad, "the Gaberlunzie Man," is said to be but a specimen of his constant adventures, and as the "Gude-man of Ballangeigh," a name he adopted in his disguises, he is known to have studied and relieved many a want, and many an oppression of the poor. His biographer tells this story of him:—

"It is related, that once before setting out on a progress into the southern counties, a widow who lived on the water of Annan complained to James that, in a late incursion of the English, they had carried off her only son and two cows, which were her whole support and comfort on earth; that she immediately made complaint to Sir John Charters, of

Amisfield, Warden of the West Marches, informing him that the party were then ravaging a few miles distant, and praying him to send and retake her son and cows; but that Sir John refused her request, and treated her with the greatest rudeness and contempt. The king told her he would shortly be in Annandale, and directed her then to repeat her complaint to him; on this the woman returned home. In a short time James set out on his progress, and when he arrived at the head of Nithsdale, remembered the poor woman's complaint. Leaving the greatest number of his guards and attendants behind him, he advanced, with great secrecy, to the village of Duncow, where, disguising himself, and leaving all his attendants except two or three favorite followers, he proceeded to the Castle of Amisfield, the seat of the warden. When he came to the small brook near the house, he left all his suite, and coming alone to Amisfield gate, requested the porter to tell Sir John Charters he came express to inform him of an inroad then making by the English. The porter was loath to disturb his master, saying, he was gone to dinner; but the king bribing him with a silver groat, he went, and returned with an answer, that Sir John was going to dinner, and would not be disturbed. The king bribed the man again with two groats, and desired him to tell his master, that the general safety depended upon his immediately firing the beacons and alarming the country. Sir John, upon this second message, flew into a great rage, and threatened to punish the importunate messenger for his temerity. The king now bribed another servant with gold, to go to Sir John and tell him, that the *gude man of Ballangeigh* had been waiting a considerable time at his gate for admittance, but in vain. At the same time, throwing off the mean garment that covered his rich attire, he sounded his bugle-horn for his attendants to come up. Sir John appears to have been no stranger to the title of '*gude man of Ballangeigh*,' for, as soon as he received the third message, he came in a great fright to the king, who harshly reprimanded him for this great abuse of the trust committed to his charge, and bringing to his recollection the case of the poor widow, commanded him to indemnify her for her loss tenfold, adding, that if her son was not ransomed within ten days, he, Sir John, should be hanged. As a further token of his displeasure, the king billoted upon him his whole retinue, in number two thousand knights and barons, obliging him to find them in provender during their stay in Annandale. The heavy expense which was thus incurred, is said to have brought the Amisfield family under a load of incumbrance, which they never could afterwards entirely throw off."

The story of his courtship of the French Princess involves an affecting tragedy. He had sent messages forward to announce to the king that he was "coming to woo:"—

"From Dieppe, James hastened to the seat of the Duke of Vendome. Wishing, however, to spy the fair expectants, "pulchritude and behaviour unkend be hir," he had recourse to one of his favorite masquerade devices. Dressing himself in a plain suit, he made one of a small party who posted forward to the duke's castle, and presented themselves as sent to announce the King of Scotland's approach. The duke gave them welcome, and introduced them to his wife and daughter, seeming thus to afford James all the opportunity which he desired. The fair object of curiosity, however, had, by means of a miniature procured from Scotland, acquired so complete a knowledge of the features of her royal suitor—his oval face, aquiline nose, blue eyes, and yellow hair—that she almost im-

mediately recognized him among the pretended squires of low degree, and, stepping up to him, took him by the hand, saying, 'Sir, why stand you so far aside?—If it please your grace to show yourself, it will pride my father or me to do you honor.' James, finding to his no small confusion that his disguise had failed him, frankly avowed himself, embraced the duke, kissed the duchess, kissed the daughter, and then, as the chronicles tell, 'thair was nothing bot mirriness, banqueting, and great cheir, and lovelie communing betwixt the kingis grace and the fair ladies, with great musick and playing on instrumentis and all uther kynd of pastime for the feildis, with lutis, shalmes, trumpettis and organes, with all kynd of melodious instrumentis; with justing and runing of great horss; quhil-kis pastimes were all to deliht the Kyng of Scotland.'

"James passed eight days with the Duke of Vendome; but, though many love tokens passed between him and the duke's daughter, nothing was said of marriage. It was thought to be a mark of respect due to the King of France, to consult with his majesty before offering to deprive his dominions of so fair an ornament. James accordingly repaired to the court of the French king; but circumstances immediately arose there, to make him forget the purpose with which he had visited it. Magdalene, the eldest daughter of the French monarch, a lovely but sickly maiden, in the last stage of an early decay, became, at first sight, deeply enamoured of the Scottish prince; her wishes were not concealed; the generosity of James was appealed to in a manner which his love for another could not resist; the fair Vendome was sacrificed, and the Princess Magdalene became the Scottish queen.

"The nuptials of the young pair were solemnized with great pomp at Paris, and celebrated throughout the kingdom by the most extravagant rejoicings. 'Through all France that day thair was justing and runing of horss proclaimed with all uther manlie exercise, as also skirmishing of schippis through all the coastis and firthis; so that in tounes, landis, sees, firthis, villages, castles and toures, thair was no man that might have hard for the reard and noyse of cannone and uther munition, nor scarslie have seine for the vapouris thair of.'

"With greetings equally general and enthusiastic were James and his bride welcomed home to Scotland; but ere a short month had elapsed, the joy of both king and people was turned into deepest mourning. In vain had the sickly Magdalene sought to escape, in the arms of Hymen, from the gripe of Death; she arrived in Scotland only to breathe her last. To aggravate the stroke of affliction to James, tidings arrived, almost at the same moment, from France, that the fair Vendome, rendered inconsolable by his desertion, had expired of a broken heart. Melancholy situation! The bride of his compassion, and the love of his choice, laid at the same instant in the grave!"

In the life of Drummond occurs the following notice of the private manners of Ben Jonson, the Dramatist:—

"Drummond maintained also a friendly correspondence with the English poets, Jonson and Drayton; the former of whom, when upwards of fifty years of age, walked all the way from London to Hawthornden, to pay him a visit. It seems, however, that a closer acquaintance had not enhanced the esteem of Drummond for 'Rare Ben;' indeed, no two individuals could have been more opposed in every point of character, genius alone excepted. In a sketch of Jonson's character and habits, which Drummond left behind him, and which has been published since

his death, he says, 'He was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted, thinking nothing well done but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind or angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself, interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, *a general disease in many poets.*' 'In short,' concludes Drummond, 'he was, in his personal character, the very reverse of Shakspeare; as surly, ill-natured, proud and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy and amiable.' Drummond has been charged with illiberality in this sketch; and yet there is scarcely a writer, who had any personal knowledge of Jonson, who does not confirm it in every particular. Howel, in one of his letters, has a passage which may suffice to acquit Drummond of any singularity in his opinions. 'I was invited yesterday,' he says 'to a solemn supper by B. J. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest—that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapor extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own name. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barreled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, amongst other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favored solecism in good manners.' "

In the biography of Hamilton of Bangour (called by distinction the polite poet, a gentleman born and bred) there occurs a remark, which we are inclined to think applies almost universally to the poetic temperament. Hamilton was the idol of the high circles of Scotland in his time, and, from all accounts, fell into precisely the round of hasty and brief attachments natural to such opportunities. His biographer remarks:—

"Almost the whole of Hamilton's poems are of an amatory cast; but it would seem that we must add him to the number of poets, not a few, to whom love, with all its pangs, has been only a fancy's dream. As Lord Woodhouselee truly remarks, his 'heart perpetually owned the dominion of some favorite mistress; but his passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression.' The 'Jeanie Stewart,' of whom he speaks so lamentingly in the letter before quoted, complained to Mr. Home that she was teased with Hamilton's dangling attentions, which she was convinced had no serious aim, and hinted an earnest wish to get rid of him. 'You are his friend,' said she 'tell him he exposes both himself and me to the ridicule of our acquaintance.' 'No, madam,' said Mr. Home, who knew how to appreciate the fervor of Hamilton's passion, 'you shall accomplish his cure yourself, and by the simplest method. Dance with him at to-night's assembly, and show him every mark of your kindness, as if you believed his passion sincere, and had resolved to favor his suit. Take my word for it, you'll hear no more of him.' The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete.

It is far easier to cite examples of this wandering perversity in poets than to account for it. The solution possibly is, however, that not oftener than once in his life is the *poet's heart* touched—his *fancy* is taken captive perpetually. There can be no doubt of the capacity of highly imaginative men to love as deeply and long as others differently gifted, but, unfortunately for their reputation, they possess another quality whose brief and effaceable impressions are mistaken often by themselves, and always by the world, for that of their deepest feelings.

Very little is known generally of Macpherson beyond his Ossian. He was the author however of several other books, and among them an "Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Scotland," in which he gives a description of the Paradise of the Ancient Britons. It appears from his account that this people did not imagine their Heaven to be in the sky, nor, like the poets of Greece and Rome, under the sea. Their Flath-Innis, the Paradise of the dead, lay surrounded with tempests in the Western Ocean. It is thus spoken of in his history as a legend of a Scottish bard:—

"In former days (says the bard) there lived in Skerr a magician of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day, his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night. He thirsted after things unseen. He sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days. He often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves, and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the green isle of the west.

"One day as the magician of Skerr sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose from the sea—a cloud under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay, and from its dark womb issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and hung round with an hundred moving oars. But it was destitute of mariners; itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged magician. He heard a voice, though he saw no human form—'Arise, behold the boat of the heroes—arise, and see the green isle of those who have passed away.'

"He felt strange force on his limbs; he saw no person, but he moved to the boat. The wind immediately changed. In the bosom of the cloud he sailed away; seven days gleamed faintly round him—seven nights added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of winds passed him on either side. He slept not, but his eyes were not heavy; he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day the waves swelled into mountains, the boat was rocked violently from side to side. The darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried out, 'The Isle! The Isle!' The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes. It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, placid and distinguishing light, which called forth every object to view in their most perfect form. The isle spread large before him, like a pleasing dream of

the soul—where distance fades not on the sight, where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently sloping hills of green, nor did they wholly want their clouds; but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom the source of a stream—a beauteous stream, which, wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The vallies were open and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds. The rude winds walked not on the mountain, no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields. He hastened not to the west for repose, nor was he seen to rise from the east. He sits in his height and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle. In each valley is its slow moving stream. The pure waters swell over the banks, yet abstain from the fields. The showers disturb them not, nor are they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hills are the halls of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.”

The most interesting biography in the whole series is that of the well-known author of the “Farmer’s Ingle,” and other Scottish ballads, Robert Fergusson. It is enough to say of him that he was Burns’s great model, and indeed, it seems as if it was not in his poetry alone, for their whole lives were woven of the same woof and color. Fergusson’s genius was doubtless far transcended by that of Burns, but from the chance accounts given by the contemporaries of the former, his social talents must have been even of a rarer brilliancy than those which made the latter poet the idol of Scotland. Passing over the youth of Fergusson, which was varied by much misfortune and adventure, we take up his life at the age of nineteen, sure that the copious extracts we shall make will neither be found tedious nor uninteresting. They are written with a vein of moral feeling highly creditable to the author. Without running the different passages together, we merely quote them in the order in which they are marked:—

“That Fergusson at last plunged into a course of dissipation hostile to all steadiness of purpose, and calculated, artificially, to increase the difficulty of emancipating himself from the low condition of life into which he had fallen, must, with feelings of sorrow, be allowed. Possessing great powers of fascination in company; the broadest humor with the keenest wit; singing, mimicry and story telling, each in an unrivalled degree; an open heart, forever overflowing with fine and generous emotions; his company became eagerly courted by persons of all classes in life. Fergusson obeyed the call of pleasure with too unreserved an alacrity; and was but too often led into the company of men, who, simply ambitious of partaking in the excesses of genius, cared not to what extremes of folly they urged him on, and who, unfortunately, could make no compensation when the hour of revelry was past, for the sacrifices of time and character which their selfish feelings had exacted.”

“Fergusson, unable to resist the temptations which the town daily, or rather nightly presented, had conceived the determination of flying from

them. He took lodgings at a small distance from town; made frequent excursions into the country; and at last, finding that the siren pleasure still waylaid him wherever he roved on Scottish ground, thought of going to sea to try his fortune. All this shows, if not much resolution, at least much good intention; a dread of the abyss to which he was hastening, but an unhappy inability to escape it.

"While on one of these country rambles, a clergyman discovered him wandering, in a pensive mood, through the church-yard of Haddington. The worthy divine, though unacquainted with Fergusson, appears to have known his person and character; and entering into conversation with him, took advantage of the many memorials of human mortality scattered around them, to touch with energy and feeling, though without the seeming of any personal allusion, on the madness of those, who, heedless of the awful account which they must render at last, waste the precious moments of this life in a ceaseless round of gaiety and licentiousness. The applicability of this casual lesson to his own situation, and to his train of feeling at the moment, sunk deep into the mind of Fergusson; and he returned to Edinburgh, fully resolved to enter upon an amended course of life. This, like most of his resolutions, however, quickly yielded to new seductions, and had become almost forgotten, when an incident, of somewhat a romantic cast, recalled forcibly to mind the lessons of his church-yard monitor. In the room adjoining that in which Fergusson slept, a starling was kept. One night a cat, having found its way down the chimney, seized the starling, which awoke Mr. Fergusson by the most alarming screams. He arose and discovered the cause of the alarm, but too late to save the poor bird. The circumstance gave rise to reflections which banished sleep from his pillow for the rest of the night. How truly had the often recited lesson of his youth been exemplified—'*He shall come upon thee in the night, as a thief cometh, and thou shalt not know when he cometh!*' How terrible had been the fatal stroke to a sinless and unaccountable creature! Could it be less so to one who shared of the sinfulness common to humanity; who might be seized in the midst of sins unnumbered and unrepented; and to whom death was not oblivion, but the passage to a state of eternal misery or happiness? Indulging in this train of thought, rendered more awful by the solemn stillness of the night, day-light found him wrought up to a pitch of remorse bordering on despair. He rose, not as he was wont, to mix again with the social and gay, but to be a recluse from society, devoured by the remembrance of follies past. All his vivacity had forsaken him; those lips, which never opened but to impart delight, were closed as by the hand of death; and 'on his countenance sat horror plumed.'

"Even this impression, however deep and appalling it was, vanished in the course of time. Fergusson's nature was of too social a cast to resist the attractions of pleasure long. Yielding to one kind importunity after another, he gradually relapsed into his old course of gaiety and dissipation."

"In the course of the same year, Fergusson took a ramble to Dumfries, to visit an old poetic companion, of the name of Charles Salmon, who had left Edinburgh to follow the business of a printer with Mr. Jackson, the publisher of the Dumfries Weekly Magazine. He was accompanied by a Lieut. Wilson of the navy, the son of a Mr. Wilson well known at one time as a lecturer on elocution in Edinburgh, and the author of several occasional pieces of poetry, which appeared in the public journals with the signature of *Claudero*. Fergusson presented himself to the curious gaze of the Dumfries wits in rather a strange plight. His person and

dress were in the greatest disorder; he wore, instead of a coat, a short white flannel jacket; and having performed the journey on foot, was all over dust. He seemed for all the world like a recruit after a long march, instead of the gay minstrel, 'on pleasure bent.' He apologized for his *dishabille* by saying, that his friend and himself had taken rather sudden leave of 'Auld Reikie;' they had been carousing together the preceding night, and after leaving the tavern at peep of morn, had indulged in some such pranks as those so pleasantly related in the epilogue spoken by Mr. Wilson, in the character of an *Edinburgh Buck*.

"To end their frolic, or, perhaps, to escape its consequences, Fergusson proposed, that without going home they should start off to Dumfries, on a visit to their old friend Charlie Salmon. The challenge was readily accepted, and away they hied. Salmon, proud of his visiter, introduced him to all the admirers of genius about Dumfries, in whose society he found quite another Edinburgh of high delight and ruinous excess."

"The dissipated course of life which had now so long been habitual with Fergusson, began at length to hasten towards its natural termination. His bodily frame, never very strong, became broken and emaciated; his mind lost all coherence, and sunk from weakness into a state of utter lunacy; fears of the future returned and usurped entire dominion over his disordered intellects. Religion was now his only theme, and the Bible, as with Collins, his constant companion. The few unpublished manuscripts which he had in his possession he committed to the flames, and the only consolation which the recollection of his poetry seemed to afford him, was, that it had never been prostituted to the service of vice or irreligion.

"From this afflicting state of mental alienation he experienced a temporary relief, and began again to visit his friends. One night, however, he had the misfortune to fall from a staircase, and was carried home in a state of insensibility. Frenzy ensued, and as his poor mother was not in circumstances to command the attendance requisite in her own house, she was under the painful necessity of removing him to the public Asylum. A few of his most intimate friends, having watched a proper opportunity, found means to convey him thither, by decoying him into a chair, as if he had been about to pay some evening visit. When they had reached the place of their destination, all was wrapt in profound silence. The poor youth entered the dismal mansion; he cast his eyes wildly around and began to perceive his real situation; the discovery awakened every feeling of his soul. He raised a hideous shout, which being returned by the wretched inhabitants of every cell, echoed along the vaulted roofs, and produced in the minds of his companions sentiments of unspeakable horror.

"When he was afterwards visited by his mother and sisters, they found him lying in his cell, calm and collected. He expressed a perfect knowledge of his melancholy condition; recalled to their recollection a presentiment which he had often felt, of thus ending his days; but endeavored to comfort them with assurances of his being humanely used in the Asylum. At parting, he entreated his sister to come and frequently sit by him, in order to dispel the gloom which overcast his mind. But, alas! they parted never to meet again. A few days after, the melancholy tidings came that Fergusson had breathed his last. He died on the 16th of Oct., 1774, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. His remains were interred in the Canongate church-yard."

"How fondly Fergusson was beloved by his friends, was evinced in a very remarkable manner, by a circumstance which occurred shortly after

his death; and which shows that, though he must ever be ranked amongst the neglected sons of genius, those who shared his intimacy are least to be reproached with that neglect. Among his numerous gay associates, many, doubtless, were unprofitable through utter heedlessness; but there were others, who only wanted the power, to have made the greatest sacrifices for the sake of their ingenuous friend. There was one who lived to have that power, and he exercised it nobly; he was a young gentleman of the name of Burnet. Having gone out to the East Indies, he soon found himself on the road to affluence; and remembering the less fortunate situation of the friend whom he admired above all others, he sent Fergusson a cordial invitation to come over to India; pointed out the mode by which the requisite permission might be obtained; and at the same time enclosed a draught for one hundred pounds, to defray the expenses of his outfit. A generous deed; but alas! it came too late. It fell 'as a sun-beam on the blasted blossom.' Before the letter arrived, poor Fergusson had breathed his last. Deeds like this are rare in the history of youthful attachments; unexampled, perhaps, in the chances of humble genius. Mr. Burnet's benevolent intentions were, indeed, frustrated by the stroke of death, but they will have their reward in an honorable fame; for, while the name of Fergusson lasts, that of Burnet can never be forgotten.

"Of the fascinating charm which Fergusson carried with him into society, scarcely any description can convey an adequate idea. A gentleman who had felt and owned its power, speaks thus of it in a letter to Burns:—'While I recollect with pleasure his extraordinary talents and many amiable qualities, it affords me the greatest consolation that I am honored with the correspondence of his successor in national simplicity and genius. That Mr. Burns has refined in the art of poetry, must readily be admitted; but notwithstanding many favorable representations, I am yet to learn that he inherits his convivial powers. There was such a richness of conversation, such a plenitude of fancy and attraction in him, that, when I call the happy period of our intercourse to my memory, I feel myself in a state of delirium. I was then younger than he by eight or ten years; but his manner was so felicitous that he enraptured every person around him, and infused into the hearts of the young and old, the spirit and animation which operated on his own mind.'"

It is a melancholy comment on genius that it ever seems unsphered and out of tune in the world. It is of little use to say that it is but a better faculty for common uses more greatly abused, while we see the constantly repeated truth before our eyes, that men thus gifted are not fitted for the common circles in which human interests revolve, and cannot, or, which is as much to the purpose, will not follow the common and palpable path to happiness. It is a question which He who gifts one above another alone can solve, whether it is a curse or a blessing.

THE PARTHENON.

(A Vision.)

My dream was of the Parthenon—and lo !
There stood Athenae, radiant in the glow
Of a pure Grecian morning: Far away,
In the blue portals of the rising day,
Streamed golden waters, gloriously bright,
From the deep fountain of unceasing light !
The Dorian temple, portico and tower,
Ionic dome and low Corinthian bower,
Statues Colossal, arches, altars, shrines,
Like sea gems flashing in their coral mines,
Greeted the sunrise with a thousand rays,
And gleamed and brightened in one living blaze !
Colonos rose, Lyceum and the Grove
Of Academe, where sages loved to rove,
Hymettus too, the incense-breathing mount,
And the glad sparklings of Ilyssus' fount ;—
All wore the splendor of thy olden time,
All the green freshness of thy joyous clime,
When thou, Athenae, wast a peerless queen
Among the nations, and thy brilliant sheen
Glowed fair and beautiful, undimmed as now
A crown of light upon old Ocean's brow !
I stood and gazed : yet not on sunny glade,
Or the dark umbrage of the sacred shade,
Triumphal arch or cenotaph that told
Where slept the mighty of the times of old ;—
I saw the Parthenon, like a high throne,
Studded with diamonds, rising there alone,
Above the citadel and city's wall,
Fairer and brighter, loftier than all !
Majestic temple ! with thy marble dome
Of unstained whiteness, meet for Wisdom's home,
With thy pure lustral-vases and the shrine,
Whence fragrant volumes to her power divine,
Slow waving rose in many a blue-wreathed curl,
To rest on air, then melt in mists of pearl ;—
Majestic temple ! as I gazed on thee,
How many thoughts came joyously and free—
How many visions of the glorious past,
Around my soul their rainbow brightness cast !
Thou wast unscathed by time. War's constant tide,
Rushing along thy fadeless base, had died
Into death's calm. At morn a people's king
Beneath thy portal saw that people fling
His pennons o'er the waters ; evening came,
And Persia's banners were a scroll of flame !
Her subject-myriads passed away—yet free,
Commingling with the glad Piraeen sea,
Her azure waves, proud Salamis rolled on
And glory's halo veiled the Parthenon.

These visions fled. I saw a blended train
Of worshippers move o'er the verdant plain,
Ascend the temple, through the archway pour,
To offer gems and precious gifts in store.
There was the sage, for whom the wing of years
Had cast its shadow o'er this veil of tears,
And from its pinions showered the silvery dew ;
Then came the matron and the warrior too ;
And oh ! how beautiful !—Athenian maids,
Soft as the light that steals through trellised shades,
With spotless robes and rose-buds blushing fair,
From the rich clustering of their raven hair ;
In perfect beauty came, with gifts of flowers,
And dewy vine-wreaths from their emerald bowers,
To deck the statue of their blue-eyed queen ;—
And last, the noble youths of Greece were seen
With a sure step, a firm and chainless hand,
Free as the breezes of their mountain land.
The train passed on. In this soul-thrilling trance,
Awhile I stood ; when lo ! like a bright glance,
Or the quick sparkle of a sea-bird's wing,
A sudden change, my vision seemed to bring.

It was the still, lone night. The outspread sky,
Its pure blue folds inlaid with gems on high,
In gorgeous majesty, seemed freely thrown,
Like a huge veil, all boundless and alone,
To hide the eye of Cherubim, whose beams
Seemed bursting forth in many flashing gleams,
Even while I kneeled, with upturned gaze to drink
Full inspiration from the mountain brink
Of holy, deep devotion ; and to chain
In rapture's bonds my soul with that bright main :
The moon was coursing on ; and every star
Glistened among those countless worlds afar,
Which shed their radiance from the clear sky foil,
Age after age ; and hold unceasing toil !
I looked upon the ocean, resting there,
Peaceful and calm within his rock-built lair,
Anon in dreams, he tossed his hoary crest,
Then powerless sunk to a soft murmuring rest.
One golden isle slept sweetly, on the verge,
Where the horizon met the crested surge—
Beneath the lifted billow sinking oft,
Then shooting forth its glistening rays aloft,
Like Triton wafted in the sounding shell,
Or sea-nymph rising from her crystal cell.
I looked upon the land. Alas ! that all
Earth's rainbow tints must fade ; that Time's dark pall
Must settle o'er the young and halcyon day,
And all our grand and lofty things decay !

Again I saw Athenae. Wo ! for thee,
Once proud and glorious city of the free !

The Parthenon.

Thy morning brightness is around thee yet,
 But shines on nought save mosque and minaret,
 Thy sunset hues commingle with the waves,
 But glad Piraeus is the bourn of slaves!
 That hour of night—that matchless, blessed hour,
 Shedding around its incense, like a shower
 Above the vale and fragrant mountain, threw
 As fair an arch, as clear and pure a blue;
 Ilyssus flowed, the enamelled banks between
 With equal joy; Lyceum's walks as green:—
 All glowed as bright, and smiled as sweetly bland,
 As Eden blooming from its Maker's hand!
 Yet 'mid this scene a darksome ruin laid,
 Through whose gray walls the glancing moonbeams played,
 And round its arch, and broken columns wove
 Fantastic wreaths, like forms of light that rove,
 At night's calm noon, near the sad, lonely grave,
 Where rest the good, the beautiful, the brave!
 How oft doth memory cast a twilight hue,
 Upon our joys, and with her freshening dew
 Revive the sear and faded flowers that bloom
 In days of Hope above Love's early tomb!
 There once was reared the lofty Parthenon,
 Now all its grandeur was forever gone.
 The shrine had mouldered, and its votaries fled;—
 In gorgeous halls stern Desolation's tread
 Had been:—his giant hand had rent in twain
 Pillar and dome, when Age's strength was vain.

Huge fallen masses, with the curtaining vine
 Were shadowed: like rich treasures of the mine,
 Fragments of statues o'er the vault were strown,
 The studded architrave and frescos thrown
 Beneath the cypress: silvery shrouds of moss
 And festooned ivy veiled the diamond gloss
 Of the white marble: and a dewy damp
 Had quenched the flame of that undying lamp,
 Which glowed for years where branches of the palm
 Before the portico shed forth their balm.
 Yet midst the wreck of that lone, sombre pile,
 There seemed to linger still one holy smile,
 Like that which round the form of virtue glows
 Ere the rapt soul is wafted to repose.

I wept to see such ruin: when methought
 That boundless sky with hues of glory fraught,
 Rolled onward into chaos: and the land
 And ocean followed. The Almighty's hand
 Had folded up the universe. That veil
 Thrown on dark midnight pinions of the gale,
 Revealed the throne, whose glowing sapphire blaze
 Fell in rich floods of light upon my gaze,
 Then fled, like meteor's last and brightest ray,
 The wing of visions from my soul away.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is a dreary task—so far in every number—this Editor's business—proof-reading, and erasing and correcting. It is worse than "cyphering"—that idea-less and utterly barren slavery of boyhood—worse than digging, for that is an exercise of muscular strength and of course a pleasure until fatigued—worse than any occupation else in one particular—that you get no credit with your readers and much unpopularity with your writers. Here, however, at the Editor's Table—our own peculium—we mend our pen anew, and with fresh-trimmed nails and a replenished inkstand, whistle all annoyances down the wind, and enjoy a day of uninterrupted comfort. It is on this day that we shake the dust from our crimson curtains and dispose them in the rich sunlight anew. It is on this day that we admit Blousabella, the house-maid, to collect under our eye the torn fragments of rejected manuscripts, and freshen the colors of our foot-stained carpet, and wipe the dust from our Percival and our Salmon landscape and our Byron's Julia, (that last is a divinity of a picture—redolent of the veriest woman) and it is on this day that we sit and call up to our mind those of our readers whom we know, and, imagining the rest, (we know the kind of people that read us) open our heart to them all, and welcome them to our poor table, heartily and without fear.

It has cheered us not lightly in our wearisome and eye-aching hours, to know by certain evidences that we have stirred in some minds about us a feeling of personal confidence by the unreserve and good fellowship of our monthly table. In one or two instances we have been written to by those unknown to us for the loan of the choice books we have commented on and quoted; and when we have sent them gladly, they have been honorably returned, with the marked passages re-marked, and the thumbed places more thumbed, and the traces all through them, by pencils and silk markers, of good selection and beauties well noted and dwelt upon. More than once we have received messages in fair penmanship, suggesting themes to our pen, and requesting continuations of certain histories; and there lies before us now a kind letter, thanking us for our notice of Keats and giving us some passages from his books which we had never before seen. Here they are—and if there is anything richer or more beautiful in poetry, we cannot now call it to mind:—

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
 With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
 He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
 But her full shape would all his seeing fill—
 And his continual voice was pleasanter
 To her than noise of trees, or hidden rill,
 Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was on the latch
 Before the door had given her to his eyes;
 And from her chamber-window he would catch
 Her beauty further than the falcon spies;
 And constant as her vesper would he watch,
 Because her face was turned to the same skies;
 And with such longing all the night outwear,
 To hear her moving step upon the stair.

And speaking of riches—with what a painful picturesqueness he describes the means of acquiring them!—

——for them many a weary hand did swelt
 In torched mines and noisy factories,
 And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
 In blood from stinging whip.—
 Many all day in dazzling river stood,
 To take *the rich-ored driftings of the flood.*

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
 And went all naked to the hungry shark;
 For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
 The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
 Lay full of deaths;—

What golden, glorious, prodigal profusion in these lines to
 AUTUMN!—

Season of waste and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And *fill all fruit with ripeness to the core*;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee *sitting careless on a granary floor,*
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or in a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while the hook
Spares the next swath, and all its twined flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyngs hours by hours.

What subjects, in this last stanza, for four pictures, that should immortalize the painter with the poet !

AUTUMN, A MASQUE.

Scene first, a Granary Floor, her

“hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind”—

Scene second, a Field with reapers, she

“in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies”—

Scene third, a Brook ; a gleaning girl crossing, keeps

“steady her laden head”—

Scene fourth, a Cider Press, where,

“with patient look,
She watches the last oozyngs.”

NEXT in our notices of American Poets we would speak of Mr. Hillhouse. It is a little singular how insensibly and yet rapidly the apprehension and perfect appreciation of poetry proceeds in the progress of taste. We have known the time when we could repeat Hadad—from end to end—so beautiful did it seem to us in our scholar-days. We have sat often in the dark of a summer's evening, and recited the exquisite scenes between Hadad and the Princess Tamar, to still and delighted circles. Yet on taking it up again, now, to refresh our memory before speaking of it here, it seems to us so much more beautiful, so more than ever polished and faultless and full of light, that we cannot but wonder what film is taken from our eyes—what new nerve of pleasure is developed in the ever-refining fancy. We are quite aware that to those who have lightly, or not lately, read Mr. Hillhouse's Poem, this language may seem over-strong, and indeed we know that, unlike as its whole tone and conception are to the spirit of the present age of rhyme, it is only to them who follow no fashions in poetical taste that its full beauty can be made visible. But we wish any man disposed so to judge of us, to sit down (on a rainy day like this) and read Hadad with a calm mind, and if it does not enter and fill his fancy and

touch his heart as it has just now done ours—making him happy, and taking him out of himself and back thousands of years to the magnificent court of David—he is not the man we are particularly glad to see at our Editor's Table.

The first thing which strikes you in Mr. Hillhouse's books is his invention—the highest of the poetic powers. In this quality he stands alone among the bards of our country—no attempt ever having been made by any other of eminence to construct either a perfect epic or drama. On this ground too, we think he has excelled every contemporary English Poet, Southey alone excepted. The fable he has chosen, (if it be a fable, and there is much evidence that it is not,) is, from its nature, the most wild and splendid in history, and it is drawn out and pictured in the beautiful Poem before us, with the skill and judgment of a master. There is just enough in the Scripture of encouragement to the belief of an intercourse between evil spirits and men, to give the poet unlimited scope, while it secures to him our poetical credence. We listen to the wild converse of Hadad with Tamar with a feeling half fear and half wonder, and withal, for the moment, a belief not only in the main fable, but in the poet's particular descriptions. Mr. Hillhouse has chosen the story of Absalom's rebellion as the frame of his drama, and he represents Hadad as a hostage prince in Jerusalem, enamoured and beloved of Tamar, Absalom's daughter. At the time of the rebellion, however, in which the supposed Hadad engages, the Prince of fallen spirits has entered the body of the Syrian hostage, who had been slain secretly by outlaws, and is pursuing a passion he had conceived for Tamar in that disguise. Nothing could be more beautifully wrought than the strangeness and mystery of his bearing before the Princess, and the ungovernable reachings of his lofty mind beyond the sphere of his human action. It constitutes the chief interest of the Poem, though the plot of the rebellion is otherwise admirably drawn, and is only indifferent as it contrasts with the wilder passages mingled in its developement. The first scene opens with a conversation between Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, and Hadad, in which the following passage occurs, which we give as a specimen of the author's description :—

Mephib. In the primeval day, the friends of God
Dwelt in plain tents, or underneath some tree ;
But see how this Prince-prophet builds his nest.
Mark yonder pavement, like a limpid lake,
Reflecting all things from its polished face ;
Behold yon couches, wrought like kingly thrones

With gold and ivory ; those purple hangings,
Garnished with pearls, and enter-tissued all
With rarest needle-work—a guilty pride
That mocks the tabernacle. Breathe the perfume
From yonder bossy censers, sending up
A silvery volume to the vaulted roof ;—
There the lign-aloe wastes its precious sweets,
Costlier than Ophir's dust. Look at his meats,
His wines, the service of his table ; youths
About his cup fairer than Tammuz. See
His wives, his concubines, whose annual waste
Employs the looms of Egypt, whose white necks
Glitter with gems that might redeem a kingdom.

We must make large extracts from the Poem, and with the reader's leave they shall be principally from the scenes between Hadad and the Princess. She is sitting alone by a fountain in her father's garden, which is on Mount Zion, overlooking the city :—

Tam. How aromatic evening grows ! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha ;
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.
Blest hour ! which He, who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo ! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle. Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences !—Ha ! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming !—Whence can this—
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

Enter HADAD.

Had. Does beauteous Tamar view, in this clear fount,
Herself, or heaven ?

Tam. Nay, Hadad, tell me whence
Those sad, mysterious sounds.

Had. What sounds, dear Princess ?

Tam. Surely, thou know'st ; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had. I heard no sounds, but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades ;
A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.

Tam. The sounds I mean,
Floated like mournful music round my head,
From unseen fingers.

Had. When ?

Tam. Now, as thou camest.

Had. 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstasy ; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at eventide.
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones,

Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,
 Stood listening in the zenith ; yea, have deemed
 Viols and heavenly voices answered him.

Tam. But these—

Had. Were we in Syria, I might say
 The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,
 The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,
 And gave thee salutations ; but I fear
 Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

Tam. How like my fancy ! When these strains precede
 Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
 Some gentle being who delights in us
 Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming ;
 But they are dirge-like.

Had. Youthful fantasy,
 Attuned to sadness, makes them seem so, lady.
 So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever,
 As signs of rest and peace ;—the watchman's call,
 The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump
 Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
 Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,
 Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

Tam. But how delicious are the pensive dreams
 That steal upon the fancy at their call !

Had. Delicious to behold the world at rest.
 Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
 The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot ;
 Herdsmen, and shepherds, fold their flocks—and hark !
 What merry strains they send from Olivet !
 The jar of life is still ; the city speaks
 In gentle murmurs ; voices chime with lutes
 Waked in the streets and gardens ; loving pairs
 Eye the red west in one another's arms ;
 And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
 A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed
 Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.

Tam. Ah ! Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend
 Who gave so much, because he gave not all ?

Had. Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed
 Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy ;
 Filled the whole universe of human hearts
 With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

* * * * *

Tam. Ah ! talk not thus.

Had. Is this benevolence ?—

Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me ;
 For I was tutored in a brighter faith.
 Our Syrians deem each lucid fount and stream,
 Forest and mountain, glade and bosky dell,
 Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
 Of man, a spiritual race allied
 To him by many sympathies, who seek
 His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
 Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.
 O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,

Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all
With mild, benevolent and sun-like radiance;
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise;
And shooting stellar influence through her caves,
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.

Tam. Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.

Had. These Deities

They invoke with cheerful, gentle rites,
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines
With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant flowers.
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks—

Tam. Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.

Had. Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all pleasures here
That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,
At death, the happy Syrian maiden deems
Her immaterial flies into the fields,
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped;
Till time, or fate, return her in its course
To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.

Tam. But thou believ'st not this.

Had. I almost wish

Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar,
Thy spirit is too tender for a Law
Announced in terrors, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being,
Whose word annihilates, whose awful voice
Thunders the doom of nations, who can check
The sun in heaven, and shake the loosened stars,
Like wind-tossed fruit, to earth, whose fiery step
The earthquake follows, whose tempestuous breath
Divides the sea, whose anger never dies,
Never remits, but everlasting burns;
Burns unextinguished in the deeps of Hell.
Jealous, implacable—

* * * * *

Tam. Prince, unclasp my hand. [Exit.]

Had. Untwine thy fetters if thou canst.—How sweet
To watch the struggling softness! It allays
The beating tempest of my thoughts, and flows
Like the nepenthe of elysium through me.
How exquisite! Like subtlest essences,
She fills the spirit! How the girdle clips
Her taper waist with its resplendent clasp!
Her bosom's silvery-swelling network yields
Ravishing glimpses, like sweet shade and moonshine
Checkering Astarte's statue—

How natural, and yet how wild and unearthly are the glimpses of the lofty angel through this beautiful dialogue! Here is another eloquent passage—a soliloquy of Hadad's in the king's Paradise without the walls:—

Had. 'Tis so ;—the hoary Harper sings aright :
 How beautiful is Zion !—Like a queen,
 Armed with a helm in virgin loveliness,
 Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
 She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
 And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
 The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
 Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods
 Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
 Wave their dark beauty round the Tower of David.
 Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
 The embrazures of alabaster shine ;
 Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
 To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
 But not, for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
 Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed
 With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
 Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains.—

A fine scene follows between Hadad and the young Prince Solomon, in which the disguised spirit attempts to work on the passions of the son of David by a charm, but we have not room for it, and must pass on to another between Hadad and Tamar. She is sitting on the terraced roof of her father's house by night. It is adorned with vases of flowers and fragrant shrubs, and an awning spread over part of it. He relates to her an interview between himself and a mighty seer, to whose high retreat on Mount Caucasus he had penetrated, and who told him the fate of the fallen spirits. After compelling her to swear she will not reveal to mortal ear aught that he should say, and telling her that they are about her in earth, sea and air, the conversation proceeds :—

Tam. I shudder,
 Lest some dark Minister be near us now.
Had. You wrong them. They are bright Intelligences
 Robbed of some native splendor, and cast down,
 'Tis true, from Heaven ; but not deformed, and foul,
 Revengeful, malice-working Fiends, as fools
 Suppose. They dwell, like Princes, in the clouds ;
 Sun their bright pinions in the middle sky ;
 Or arch their palaces beneath the hills,
 With stones inestimable studded so,
 That sun or stars were useless there.

Tam. Good heavens !

Had. He bade me look on rugged Caucasus,
 Crag piled on crag beyond the utmost ken,
 Naked and wild, as if creation's ruins
 Were heaped in one immeasurable chain
 Of barren mountains, beaten by the storms
 Of everlasting winter. But, within
 Are glorious palaces, and domes of light,

Irradiate halls, and crystal colonnades,
Vaults set with gems the purchase of a crown,
Blazing with lustre past the noon-tide beam,
Or, with a milder beauty, mimicking
The mystic signs of changeful Mazzaroth.

Tam. Unheard of splendor !

Had. There they dwell, and muse,
And wander ; Beings beautiful, immortal,
Minds vast as heaven, capacious as the sky,
Whose thoughts connect past, present, and to come,
And glow with light intense, imperishable.
Thus, in the sparry chambers of the Sea
And Air-Pavilions, rainbow Tabernacles,
They study Nature's secrets, and enjoy
No poor dominion.

Tam. Are they beautiful,
And powerful far beyond the human race ?

Had. Man's feeble heart cannot conceive it. When
The sage described them, fiery eloquence
Flowed from his lips, his bosom heaved, his eyes
Grew bright and mystical ; moved by the theme,
Like one who feels a deity within.

Tam. Wondrous !—What intercourse have they with men ?

Had. Sometimes they deign to intermix with man,
But oft with woman.

Tam. Ha ! with woman ?

Had. She

Attracts them with her gentle virtues, soft,
And beautiful, and heavenly, like themselves.
They have been known to love her with a passion
Stronger than human.

Tam. That surpasses all
You yet have told me.

Had. This the Sage affirms ;
And Moses, darkly.

Tam. How do they appear ?
How manifest their love ?

Had. Sometimes 'tis spiritual, signified
By beatific dreams, or more distinct
And glorious apparition.—They have stooped
To animate a human form, and love
Like mortals.

Tam. Frightful to be so beloved !
Who could endure the horrid thought !—What makes
Thy cold hand tremble ? or is't mine
That feels so deathly ?

Had. Dark imaginations haunt me
When I recall the dreadful interview.

Tam. O, tell them not—I would not hear them.

Had. But why condemn a Spirit's love ? so high,
So glorious, if he haply deigned ?—

Tam. Forswear
My Maker ! love a Demon !

Had. No—O, no—
My thoughts but wandered—Oft, alas ! they wander.

Tam. Why dost thou speak so sadly now?—And lo!
Thine eyes are fixed again upon Arcturus.
Thus ever, when thy drooping spirits ebb,
Thou gazest on that star. Hath it the power
To cause or cure thy melancholy mood?—

[*He appears lost in thought.*]

Tell me, ascrib'st thou influence to the stars?

Had. (*starting.*) The stars! What know'st thou of the stars?

Tam. I know that they were made to rule the night.

Had. Like palace lamps! Thou echoest well thy grandsire.
Woman! the stars are living, glorious,
Amazing, infinite!

Tam. Speak not so wildly.—
I know them numberless, resplendent, set
As symbols of the countless, countless years
That make eternity.

Had. Eternity!—

Oh! mighty, glorious, miserable thought!—
Had ye endured like those great sufferers,
Like them, seen ages, myriad ages roll;
Could ye but look into the void abyss
With eyes experienced, unobscured by torments,—
Then mightst thou name it, name it feelingly.

Tam. What ails thee, Hadad?—Draw me not so close.

Had. Tamar! I need thy love—more than thy love—

Tam. Thy cheek is wet with tears; Nay, let us part—
'Tis late—I cannot, must not linger.—

[*Breaks from him, and exit.*]

Had. Loved and abhorred!—Still, still accurs'd!—

[*He paces twice or thrice up and down, with passionate gestures; then turns his face to the sky, and stands a moment in silence.*]

—Oh! where,

In the illimitable space, in what
Profound of untried misery, when all
His worlds, his rolling orbs of light, that fill
With life and beauty yonder infinite,
Their radiant journey run, forever set,
Where, where, in what abyss shall I be groaning?

Nathan, the prophet, suspects Hadad, and in a conversation with Tamar draws from her an evidence of his superhuman nature :—

Tam. Sometimes, when I'm alone,
Just ere his coming, I have heard a sound,
A strange, mysterious, melancholy sound,
Like music in the air. Anon, he enters.

Nath. Ha! is this oft?

Tam. 'Tis not unfrequent.

Nath. Only
When thou'rt alone?

Tam. I have not heard it, else.

Nath. A sound like what?

Tam. Like wild sad music, father ;
More moving than the lute or viol touched
By skilful fingers. Wailing in the air
It seems around me, and withdraws as when
One looks and lingers for a last adieu.

Nath. Just ere he enters ?

Tam. At his step it dies.

Hadad flies with Tamar after the defeat of Absalom, and in the last scene, near a fountain, reveals his true character, and tempts her to become his own. This is a part of the dialogue :—

Tam. What horrid thought of pride curls thy pale lip,
And ruffles all thy form ?—O, look not thus—
Your eyes are terrible—Protect me, Heaven !—
How, how have I offended ?

Had. Still, thou deem'st me
Hadad—the man—the worm—the 'heritor
Of a poor vanquished tributary King !
Then know me—

Tam. (*terrified.*) Heavens ! O, Heavens !

Had. This form was Hadad's—
But I—the Spirit—I—the Power who speak
Through these clay lips—am from the Heaven of Heavens,
The peer of Angels.

Tam. Horror !

Had. Canst thou conceive
The love that could persuade me to these fetters ?—
Quenching immortal and angelic lustre—
Abandoning my power—I who could touch
The firmament, and plunge to darkest Sheol,
Bask in the sun's orb, fathom the green sea,
Even while I speak it—here to root and grow
In Jewish earth,—a mortal abject thing,
To win and to enjoy thy love !

Tam. (*in a low voice of supplication.*) Heaven, Heaven,
Forsake me not !

Had. First, in the city's crowded gate I saw thee,
The memorable day thou cam'st from Geshur,
A vermil blossom by thy father's side,
Hailing Jerusalem with smiles and tears.
Then, then I loved thee—tender as thou wert—
I hung invisibly about thy steps—
About thy bed—I glided in thy dreams ;
Filled them with sweet voluptuous forms and phantoms,
And watched thy glowing cheek, and heaving bosom,
While my bright visions stirred thy fancy. Happy,
Till that curst Syrian, fresher than Adonis,
Became thy inmate. Oh ! what horrid pangs
Rent me when I perceived thy conscious cheek,
Thy soul-fraught glances ! No seducing dream,
Illusion, art of mine, could reach thee more.—
Then first I knew Hell's agonies, and writhed
In fire, and felt the scorpion's sting.

Tam. (aside.) What thoughts!—
Am I awake?—What horrid recollections!—

Had. And yet I harmed him not—I harmed him not;
But mourning in a mountain solitude
Neighb'ring Jerusalem, my luckless love
And blasted destiny, your father's train
Came forth to hunt. The Syrian, from the rest
Severing in hot pursuit, fell in with Outlaws,
Who followed, and with bloody daggers slew him,
Even by the fountain where I mused unseen.

Tam. (clasping her forehead.)
O, grace! O, pity!—Sure my senses reel!

Had. Thou know'st the time—remember'st well. 'Twas night
Ere he returned—ere I returned—for I,
From that day forth, have worn these lineaments.

Tam. Confusion!—horror!

Had. While his lifeless limbs
Pressed the green sod, while, pitying, I surveyed
His matchless beauty, nobly stern in death,
And thought how dear those features were to thee,
I dared the penalty,—for thy sake, dared
Death, prison-house, and penal consequence,
Denounced on the offence—I linked myself
To Hadad's form, and man's infirmities—
My recompense, my only recompense,
Thy love.

Tam. Insidious Fiend!—'tis falsehood all!—
Thou slew'st him!

Had. Ha—are there not other means
To free the spirit?—Had I marred him thus?

*[Draws aside his vesture, and displays two bleeding
stabs upon his breast.]*

Tam. O, Powers of Heaven!

Had. Immedicable wounds that thrill and throb
Hourly, as with the mortal steel, and gush
Fresh blood, when stronger passions shake my frame?
No art can heal them and no balm assuage.—
O, if this sight constrain the tear of pity,
How wouldst thou live to listen the dire torments
Must loose me from this flesh—too deep to tell—
To which your death, by poison, steel, or rack,
Is a sweet noontide slumber.

It must be confessed that all this is conceived and elaborated far beyond the common standard of the age. The measure is unexceptionably correct and smooth; indeed it is too perfect for our taste, and therein it is that we think Bryant superior to the few trained poets of our country, and Mr. Hillhouse among them—that he *roughens* his periods skilfully, by discords and occasional infractions of the rules of measure. The ear wearies of so much harmony. It is like the playing of Mr. Cartwright's musical glasses, too sweet by half. The comprehensiveness and crispness of the dialogue prevents its

being very noticeable in Hadad, but if it were a narrative poem of the same length, it would have taken much from our pleasure in the perusal.

The characters in this drama are, we think, drawn with an eminent truth to nature, while at the same time there is a moral tendency in their whole developement, which is too often sacrificed by the dramatist to the graphic and powerful. The skill with which the simple purity of Tamar is made to foil, at its strongest, the cunning of the fiend—putting him aside with the mere natural unsuspectingness and truth of her mind, when his most brilliant delusions are working on her, is exquisitely fine. The sustained character of Hadad, never descending, in all his intrigues, either for Absalom or his daughter, from means worthy of his magnificent nature—tempting her intellect and her love of knowledge alone—is another evidence of the master. We believe Mr. Hillhouse will realize the old saying—"that the root of a great name is in the dead body." He is little appreciated now. Not half of those who profess to know the fine minds of their country, have ever read the Poem before us. He is too chaste, too disciplined, too polished a poet to catch the notice of the many. But his books are on the shelves of the few, and they who come after us will find them there, and go back to his contemporaries to look for the traces of his fame. We should care more, however, that the age he lives in should be just to him, did we not know that to such minds fame is ever an incidental reward—an *ignis fatuus* which may start up in the path, but will not divert the footsteps of him whose eye is upon the stars.

THE pleasure of receiving knowledge into the mind—the quiet, inward feeding of the soul upon truth or beauty, is among the highest and fullest sensations of pleasure; but we do not know that it is not a more thrilling and exciting and perhaps nobler pleasure to communicate it again. For ourselves, with whatsoever delight we read a choice book, or a passage of sweet poetry—(and it is to us better than all that we meet out of doors, or in the dizzy circles of life)—the better and higher delight ever comes after, to throw it open, here, in our own book, to the world, and have it loved, and admired, and spoken of by the many whom we thus lead to the place of covert treasure. We have come to believe that the mind could not rest with unused riches in its chambers—that there must be a sensation of over-fulness, of inward imprisonment in his bosom who, always learning, never commu-

nicates—and that, therefore, aside from the known advantages and offsetting the unnumbered vexations of Editorship, it is, after all, if there were no other, a sufficient, though in the world's eye, perhaps, an empty and imaginary reward.

Open before us lies an odd volume of translations from German Romance, with biographical notices of the authors. This particular volume contains a part of one of the novels of Goethe, preceded by a sketch of that great man and poet, written by the able translator of Wilhelm Meister. We have never seen a mind so nobly and worthily measured. It is the finest specimen of prose that we have read for years, and we sit down and mark it for your perusal now, with a glow of pleasure that it will be shared and admired by you, which would scarce be warmer in our heart if it had been our own. We love to see a great mind truly noted and estimated. It gives sevenfold interest to a star to know its name and distance, and it were better never to see a meteor in the sky, than to cry "look!" to the blind. The echo of admiration is pleasanter to us than the first sound, though we utter it ourselves, and who takes not more delight in the looking of others upon his choice picture, (Guido or Raphael, or sweet Carlo Dolce, if he is so happy as to possess one)—than in his own study of it, happy as he may be the while? We loved Goethe before. His Autobiography is more fascinating than a romance. But as we see him here—magnificently drawn by the graphic pencil of the translator, though the features are the same we have studied and admired, and though it is only naming our own and everybody's thoughts of the great German, we love him, since another has spoken of him, better and more. The shadow of an affection has been called out by name from our fancy and become substantial. A master spirit, equal almost to his theme, could alone have done it. You shall read, however, before we indulge ourself further, lest we seem extravagant. After some remarks upon Goethe's early life, and upon his early books, Werter and Berlichingen, he proceeds thus:—

"A much purer and more imperishable series of honors he has earned for himself, by the peaceful efforts of his own genius. His active duties were, at all times, more or less intimately connected with literature; they seem not to have obstructed the silent labors of his closet; and perhaps they rather forwarded *the great business of his life, a thorough universal culture of all his being*. Goethe's history is a picture of the most diverse studies and acquisitions: Literature he has tried successfully in nearly every one of its departments; with Art, ancient and modern, he has familiarized himself beyond a rival; Science, also, he seems to have surveyed with no careless or feeble eye, and his contributions to several of

its branches, particularly of Botany and Optics, have been thankfully received by their professors."

"Of his numerous short Poems it is difficult to say a well-weighed word; for they are of all sorts, gay and grave, descriptive, lyrical, didactic, idyllic, epigrammatic; and of all these species, the common name, without long expositions, would, when applied to him, excite a false idea. Goethe is nowhere more entirely original, more fascinating, more indescribable, than in his smaller poems. One quality which very generally marks them, particularly those of a later date, is their peculiar expressiveness, their fulness of meaning. *A single thing is said, and a thousand things are indicated. They are spells which cleave to our memory, and by which we summon beautiful spirits from the vasty deep of thought.* Often at the first aspect they appear commonplace, or altogether destitute of significance; we look at the lines on the canvass, and they seem careless dashes, mere random strokes, representing nothing save the caprices of their author; we change our place, we shift and shift, till we find the right point of view; and all at once a fair figure starts into being, encircled with graces and light charms, and by its witcheries attracting heart and mind. In his songs he recalls to us those of Shakspeare; they are not speeches, but musical tones; the sentiment is not stated in logical sequence, but poured forth in fitful and fantastic suggestions; they are the wild wood-notes of the nightingale; they are to be sung, not said."

"Such are some specimens of the labors in which Goethe has spent many diligent and most honorable years. That they are too varied to be all excellent—that he would have better cared for his fame, had he limited his efforts to a narrower circle, is an obvious cavil; to which also he can reply, as he has already done for D'Alembert, *that there are higher things on earth than fame; that a universal developement of our spiritual nature may actually be more precious to us than the solace of our vanity; that the true business is to be, not to seem; and that intellectual artisanship, however wondered at, is less desirable than intellectual manhood.* Goethe has a right to speak on this subject; for he has tried public favor, and tried the want of it, and found that he could hold on his way through either fortune."

"Of a nature so rare and complex it is difficult to form a true comprehension; difficult even to express what comprehension we have formed. In Goethe's mind, *the first aspect that strikes us is its calmness, then its beauty; a deeper inspection reveals to us its vastness and unmeasured strength. This man rules, and is not ruled. The stern and fiery energies of a most passionate soul lie silent in the centre of his being; a trembling sensibility has been inured to stand, without flinching or murmur, the sharpest trials. Nothing outward, nothing inward shall agitate or control him. The brightest and most capricious fancy, the most piercing and inquisitive intellect, the wildest and deepest imagination; the highest thrills of joy, the bitterest pangs of sorrow—all these are his, he is not theirs.* While he moves every heart from its steadfastness, his own is firm and still; the words that search into the inmost recesses of our nature, he pronounces with a tone of coldness and equanimity; in the deepest pathos, he weeps not, or his tears are like water trickling from a rock of adamant."

"This is the true Rest of man; no stunted unbelieving callousness, no reckless surrender to blind Force, no opiate delusion; but the harmonious adjustment of Necessity and Accident, of what is changeable and what is unchangeable in our destiny; *the calm supremacy of the spirit over its circumstances; the dim aim of every human soul, the full attainment of*

only a chosen few. It comes not unsought to any ; but the wise are wise because they think no price too high for it."

"But Goethe's culture as a writer is perhaps less remarkable than his culture as a man. He has learned, not in head only, but also in heart ; not from Art and Literature, but also by action and passion in the rugged school of Experience. *If asked what was the grand characteristic of his writings, we should not say Knowledge, but Wisdom. A mind that has seen, and suffered, and done, speaks to us of what it has tried and conquered.* A gay delineation will give us notice of dark and toilsome experiences, of business done in the great deep of the spirit ; a maxim, trivial to the careless eye, will rise with light and solution over long perplexed periods of our own history. It is thus that heart speaks to heart ; that the life of one man becomes a possession to all. Here is a mind of the most subtle and tumultuous elements ; but it is governed in peaceful diligence, and its impetuous and ethereal faculties work softly together for good and noble ends. Goethe may be called a Philosopher ; for he loves and has practised as man the wisdom which, as a poet, he inculcates. Composure and cheerful seriousness seem to breathe over all his character. There is no whining over human woes ; it is understood that we must simply all strive to alleviate or remove them. There is no noisy battling for opinions ; but a persevering effort to make Truth lovely, and recommend her, by a thousand avenues, to the hearts of all men. Of his personal manners, we can easily believe the universal report, as often given in the way of censure as of praise, that he is a man of consummate breeding and the stateliest presence ; for an air of polished tolerance, of courtly, we might say majestic repose, and serene humanity is visible throughout his works. In no line of them does he speak with asperity of any man ; scarcely ever even of a thing. He knows the good, and loves it ; he knows the bad and hateful, and rejects it ; but in neither case with violence. His love is calm and active ; his rejection is implied rather than pronounced ; meek and gentle, though we see that it is thorough, and never to be revoked."

"In reading Goethe's poetry, it perpetually strikes us that we are reading the poetry of our own day and generation. No demands are made on our credulity ; the light, the science, the scepticism of the age are not hid from us. He does not deal in antiquated mythologies, or ring changes on traditionary poetic forms ; there are no supernal, no infernal influences, for *Faust* is an apparent rather than a real exception ; *but there is the barren prose of the nineteenth century, the vulgar life which we are all leading ; and it starts into strange beauty in his hands ; and we pause in delighted wonder to behold the flower of Poesy blooming in that parched and rugged soil.* This is the end of his *Mignons* and *Harpers*, of his *Tassos* and *Meisters*. Poetry, as he views it, exists not in time or place, but in the spirit of man ; and Art, with Nature, is now to perform for the poet, what Nature alone performed of old. The divinities and demons, the witches, spectres and fairies are vanished from the world, never again to be recalled ; but the Imagination which created these still lives, and will forever live in man's soul, and can again pour its wizard light over the Universe, and summon forth enchantments as lovely or impressive, and which its sister faculties will not contradict. To say that Goethe has accomplished all this, would be to say that his genius is greater than was ever given to any man ; for if it was a high and glorious mind, or rather series of minds, that peopled the first ages with their peculiar forms of poetry, it must be a series of minds much higher and more glorious that

shall so people the present. The angels and demons that can lay prostrate our hearts in the nineteenth century, must be of another and more cunning fashion than those that subdued us in the ninth. To have attempted, to have begun this enterprise, may be accounted the greatest praise. That Goethe ever meditated it, in the form here set forth, we have no direct evidence; but indeed such is the end and aim of high poetry at all times and seasons; for the fiction of the poet is not falsehood, but the purest truth; and if he would lead captive our whole being, not rest satisfied with a part of it, he must address us on interests that *are*, not that *were* ours; and in a dialect which finds a response, and not a contradiction within our bosoms.

"How Goethe has fulfilled these conditions in addressing us, an inspection of his works, but no description can inform us. Let me advise the reader to study them, and see. If he come to the task with an opinion that poetry is an amusement—a passive recreation; that its highest object is to supply a languid mind with fantastic shows and indolent emotions, his measure of enjoyment is likely to be scanty, and his criticisms will be loud, angry and manifold. But if he know and believe that poetry is the essence of all science, and requires the purest of all studies; if he recollect that the new may not always be the false; that the excellence which can be seen in a moment is not usually a very deep one; above all, *if his own heart be full of feelings and experiences, for which he finds no name and no solution, but which lie in pain imprisoned and unuttered in his breast, till the Word be spoken, the spell that is to unbind them, and bring them forth to liberty and light*; then, if I mistake not, he will find that in this Goethe there is a new world set before his eyes; a world of Earnestness and Sport, of solemn cliff and gay plain; some such temple—far inferior, as it may well be, in magnificence and beauty, but a temple of the same architecture—some such temple for the Spirit of our age, as the Shakspeares and Spensers have raised for the Spirit of theirs."

This is extracting at great length we are aware—but as you probably never saw the book, and never may, (unless you send for it to England,) we know that you would prefer it infinitely to all the common criticism in the world. It has taken so much room, however, that we can make but one comment on it, and if possible that shall be brief.

The great good to be gathered from this splendid picture of a mind, is the truth, that, with all his fame, with all his magnificent success, winning every heart in his native land, and up to this very day the pride and glory of his nation, he lived—not for fame, nor for glory—but *to cultivate to their fullest extent, the capacities of his soul*. His life is a series of triumphs, and each different, and each wonderful. No faculty given him by God was too mean for his attention. Poetry, philosophy, music, the drama, medicine, politics—he has excelled and perfected his knowledge in all—not, as we before said, for the honor they bring—not to be thought wise or versatile—but because amid all the time-exacting homage of a nation, he found a season and felt a faculty for all. It is

enough to make us sicken bitterly of ourselves, to look on such attainment and remember our own—to think how little satisfies and wearies us—how contented we are to loiter at the foot of the ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, and trifle with the wretched baubles that amuse us. With a volume of golden truth in our hands which the utmost economy of life will scarce suffice us to read, we turn it over idly in our fingers, content if we but decypher the device upon the covers. With the language of God written in the stars, and traced on the bend of the sky, and with the mystic alphabet struggling for light within us, we sit down and watch its unsteady reflection in the brooks, and walk with our eyes upon the earth and our minds closed and darkened. It is well that some do look within and without—reading themselves and Nature—but beacons though they are, and beautiful as it is to see flashing out from their high paths the light they break up and diffuse, there is a humiliation in the self-contrast we cannot but draw, that stings like the reproach of a Good Angel. It is profitable, nevertheless, and apt as we are to measure ourselves with those who are more laggard on the path of Truth than we, it is a blessing that we sometimes hear a voice over us, and are compelled to look up and feel how far we are outstripped, and how much, much more, a better courage and a more constant aim than our own, can, with the same capacities accomplish.

ONE of the pleasantest modes of killing that tough enemy, the hour before dinner, is to make the round of the Painters' Rooms. It suits well with the indolent temper with which one rises from his morning's task, to stand about before a score of pleasant faces, often pretty, and always (with the painter's leave) intelligent, and indulge a busy muse of half taste and half criticism, pondering now on the picture and now on the skill of the pencil, till the mind freshens under the influence of beauty, and recovers its tone. You may go to Harding's and study the distinguished heads, Senators and Judges and men of talent in every walk, and please your eye with his fine coloring and the antique ensemble of his pictures—(look at his portrait of Allston, by the way—as perfect a likeness and as beautiful a head as ever employed a pencil,) and then you may step down to Alexander's (taking Pendleton's in your way—he will show you beautiful lithographs, and entertain you pleasantly as long as you will) and if the female faces there do not win your eye and draw from you a tribute to the skill of the artist in that peculiar province of

the art, we abandon you to your fate. We were there, a morning or two since, and sitting in the dim corner of the room unobserved, we overheard a kind of soliloquy uttered in an undertone by a young man of some taste who, we afterwards found, had recognized an early friend in the picture of a beautiful woman. It was something after this vein—saving the disguise of the rhyme :—

How like it is! I see her now—
Her very presence seems to breathe
Over that low and polish'd brow,
Her very glance those lids beneath—
The very look about her lips!
The very way her forehead dips!

He's a rare painter. It is she
As I have known her in my youth—
As gentle as a bird could be,
As innocent as very truth—
A being lovelier than the light
More eloquent—as radiant quite.
'Tis true her hair was flung away
Wilder than he has drawn it there;
Her dress was not so very gay,
Nor yet her skin so very fair—
She was a creature made to laugh,
And looks too serious here by half—
But still about the mouth there sits
The same light shadow of a smile,
And in her eye a language flits
Between a sadness and a wile—
And through the painter's skilful traces
I see the same sweet nameless graces,
The something—what, I never knew—
Which won me first and kept me true.

Well—she has alter'd. This will not.
The world has made an idol of her,
And I, if I am not forgot,
Am named but as a by-gone lover—
But ev'n should she forget me quite—
Change even more than now she has—
This picture in its shaded light
Will still present her as she was;
Her lips may get a scornful curl,
But these will close as soft as now,
And she may toss—the radiant girl!—
The ringlets proudly from her brow,
While these plain locks of parted hair
Will be as meek as now they are.

I thank thee, painter! Would that all
Life's pictures were as fix'd as thine!

Would that the same clear light would fall
 Unchang'd on every love-traced line !
 If in the heart's turned leaves would stay
 Unblotted the sweet words once read—
 If nothing past would fade away,
 And grass grow over nothing dead—
 If our best feelings could be kept
 Fresh to re-visit after years—
 If memory's halls were never swept,
 If, pearl-like, we could casket tears—
 Why, then, the Past a refuge were,
 And clouded Futures baseless all,
 And Age for ills would never care,
 Having its youth within recall—
 Life were not then a mock of bliss,
 Nor death the bitter hope it is.

You will find agreeable employment for another half hour in looking at the seals at Jones's. They are really wonderful—equal in the impression to the most finished antique relievos. Mr. J. tells us that he has no hopes of keeping the superior artist who cuts them (you may have any device graven that you will) unless he can find more work for him. We commend him, for the sake of taste among us no less than for the pleasure he may give, to your next leisure's notice.

WE meant to have spoken at some length of Miller's Remains which are just from the press of Carter & Hendee, but finding the biography too interesting for the limited space left us at this late hour, we defer it till next month.

WE unwillingly defer Mellen's Poem, and a notice of Mr. Dewey's Oration by our friend T. upon the same compulsion.